National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XVI. NO. 36. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1856. WHOLE NO. 816.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, 138 *Nassau St., New York*,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

31 *North Fifth St., Philadelphia.*

Advertisements inserted at $1 per square for the first insertion, and 25 cents for every subsequent one. For advertisements less than a square, 50 cents for each insertion.

Selections.

THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

From the Annual Report, presented May 9, 1855.

We have devoted so much space to the public history of what slavery has been doing, and to the political and ecclesiastical aspects it has presented, during the past two years, that we have left ourselves but scanty room to detail the specific anti-slavery operations that have been employed by your Committee and our Auxiliary Societies. That we have been active according to our means and opportunities, we think the historical facts herein recorded furnish ample proof. The upturnings which have taken place, and the revolutions initiated in the Parties and in the Sects, are the work of anti-slavery labours, extending backward for a quarter of a century. We have but to look around us to see the monuments of our persistent agitation. For the third time, this year we hold our Anniversary in New York, after an interval of two years of exile by the compulsion of the Mob, under Captain Rynders, and of the Church, under the leadership of the pro-slavery piety of the Commercial Metropolis. This year, as the last, we have had extended to us the use of a Christian Church. Our Meetings, since we have recovered our position here, have excited an interest and have attracted crowds unknown before. We believe that we have at last conquered a peace, as far as the right of Free Speech, in this City, is concerned. We accept this fact as a hopeful augury for the future. If the most extreme doctrines of anti-slavery can be allowed an utterance in the City of New York, we are sure that they can find a hearing everywhere else in the Free States.

The State Societies have also held their Annual Meetings with increasing power and numbers. In Massachusetts, in Pennsylvania, in Ohio, in Michigan, everywhere where the true anti-slavery sentiment has crystallized into an organization, there Public Meetings have been drawing to themselves, more and more, the attention and curiosity of all who are beginning to perceive the all-controlling and all-pervading influence of slavery. In New York, for the last two winters, Courses of Anti-Slavery Lectures, under the auspices of the New York City Anti-Slavery Society, a most active and useful auxiliary of this Society, gathered two years ago, have been delivered by men of various creeds, political and theological, but of the highest grade of ability. These Lectures were admitted, even by the indifferent bystanders, to have been the feature of each winter in New York. The extremest opinions were set forth by such men as Messrs. Garrison and Phillips, while other doctrines and philosophies were applied to slavery, by such others as Ralph Waldo Emerson, Theodore Parker and Henry Ward Beecher. In Boston, also, during the winter of 1853–4, a Course of Lectures was held, under the auspices of Mrs. Stowe and her brother, Dr. Edward Beecher, and, during the last winter, another Course was set on foot by a voluntary association of gentlemen, of whom Dr. S. G. Howe was the foremost. The success of this Course was astonishing even to the most sanguine of its well-wishers. Not only was every ticket sold before the Course began, but they actually commanded a premium in the market. The audiences were truly immense, filling the great Hall of the Tremont Temple to its entire capacity. And the interest and enthusiasm were fully commensurate with the numbers. This certainly shows an advance in the state of feeling and opinion which the most ardent Abolitionists have hardly ventured to hope to see so soon.

Your Committee have used what means have been put into their hands, and which were applicable to that purpose, for the agitation of the question of slavery, by the presence and voice of lecturing agents. In these efforts we have met with the cordial cooperation of the State Societies. Among the agents we have employed we may mention Charles C. Burleigh, Samuel May, Jr., Stephen S. Foster, Abby Kelley Foster, Aaron M. Powell, Charles L. Remond, Miss Sallie Holley, Mr. and Mrs. Griffing, Lewis Ford, William H. Fish. Mr. Pillsbury also acted in our service until he went abroad, and Mr. Brown has resumed his labours since his return. Miss Lucy Stone has also given us occasional and much incidental assistance in the course of her labours in the cause of other Reforms, in the prosecution of which she made herself heard even within the charmed frontier of slavery. The Rev. E. A. Stockman and the Rev. Elnathan Davis have also rendered us valuable assistance. Besides the regular agents we have employed, we have had much occasional help from other Abolitionists. Mr. Garrison has made two lecturing tours to the West, where he has been welcomed by numerous and sympathetic audiences, besides frequent labours of love at home. Mr. Phillips and Mr. Quincy have also rendered us occasional services in Pennsylvania and Ohio, as well as in their own State. We think there has never been held so many and so beneficial Public Meetings since the beginning of the Movement, as have marked the two last years. The audacity of the Slaveholders, and the baseness of their Northern accomplices, have aroused the attention of the People to their relations with slavery, in an unprecedented degree. And we believe that the opening thus made for the introduction of thorough anti-slavery truth has not been neglected by us. We think the popular mind was never so near ready for effectual action as now. While we do not expect that its principles and purposes will ripen into deeds until much more labour has been bestowed upon it, we are determined not to be wanting, on our part, in the prosecution of the measures which have been crowned with so promising a degree of success.

The expiration of the Second Decade since the formation of this Society, in 1833, was held in Philadelphia, on the Third, Fourth and Fifth of December, 1853. The success of the Meeting far exceeded the expectations of those who had planned and promoted it. We had supposed that it would be mainly composed of the most active members of the Society—rather a Family Gathering than a Mass Meeting. It proved to be not merely well but numerously attended. The large and beautiful Hall in Sansom Street was well filled at all the Sessions from the very beginning, and generally crowded to its utmost available extent. We have seldom had larger, and never quieter and more attentive, audiences than those gathered on this occasion. This was very different from the experience of the First Decade Meeting, held in the same City ten years before. Then it was the object of insult and disturbance, and, we believe, was finally broken up by a Mob. This time there was none to molest. Every word was heard, if not with assent, at least with silence and respect. And this, notwithstanding the Meetings were by no means composed exclusively of avowed Abolitionists. Many persons of the mercantile and professional classes were present, and were content to hear what these troublers of the nation's peace had to say. We could not but see in these things the proofs that the labours of Twenty Years had not been in vain, and that the change in Public Opinion, which was the object of the Movement then initiated, had begun to be effected. Among those who took part in the discussions were Mr. Garrison, Mrs. Mott, Messrs. Phillips, Furness, May, Barker, H. C. Wright, George Sunter, of England, Henry Grew, McKim, Quincy, Burleigh, Stebbins, and many others, women as well as men. We hope that the Third Decade Meeting will find us yet farther onward towards the mark of our High Calling, if it shall not record that we have reached it.

The *National Anti-Slavery Standard* has been regularly issued as the Organ of this Society, and has, we believe, maintained the place in the confidence and good-will of our members which it has long held. At the beginning of the Fourteenth Volume, Mr. Oliver Johnson took his place as joint editor with Mr. Gay, and has brought the help of his long practical experience and intimate acquaintance with the Cause, from the beginning, to the service of the paper. Besides these gentlemen, Mr. Quincy has been a regular contributor, and the paper has also enjoyed the frequent assistance of several of the ablest men in the Country. Last Summer, a union of the *Pennsylvania Freeman* with *The Standard* was suggested by the Board of the Pennsylvania Society. A Special Meeting of that Auxiliary was held in Philadelphia, on the 13th of June, to consider the proposition. The identity of the principles of the two papers, and also, to a considerable extent, of their fields, was urged in its favour. It was thought that one paper could do the work of both, with a large saving of expense, and an increased efficiency on the part of *The Standard*. There was a friendly difference of opinion as to the expediency of the plan, but the Society voted, by a large majority, in its favour. The union took place at the beginning of July, and we believe it has worked to the general satisfaction of all parties. We regretted that so able and faithful a sheet as the *Freeman* should be discontinued, and nothing but the hope and belief that the concentration of means and talent on *The Standard*, which had been bestowed on the two, would produce a result compensating the sacrifice, would have induced us to consent to it. Mr. McKim, the last editor of the *Freeman*, has acted as the Philadelphia Correspondent of the *The Standard*, and added much to its interest and usefulness. The *Anti-Slavery Bugle* has been faithfully maintained by the Abolitionists of the West, and continues the excellent and trust-worthy paper that it has ever been. The *Liberator*, at Boston, we believe, was never in a better condition than it has enjoyed for the last two years. Still, its uncompromising tone and unflinching fidelity to its largest ideas of duty, it is likely, will prevent its ever being oppressed with patronage. We hope that the Abolitionists of the Country will never forget what they owe to the Pioneer Sheet of the Cause, and will never suffer it to languish for the want of a cordial and generous support.

In addition to the maintenance of *The Standard*, we have set on foot a system of *Tract* publication, from which we anticipate the happiest results. The *Tracts* are intended for gratuitous distribution, and those that have been issued have been widely spread over the whole Country. In this movement we have had the cheerful and gratuitous assistance of many eminent writers, as well as persons not immediately connected with the Society as our own members. When we mention the names of Mr. Phillips, the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, the Rev. T. W. Higginson, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the Hon. John G. Palfrey, Mr. Hildreth, Mrs. Follen, Mr. Burleigh, the Rev. Charles E. Hodges, Mrs. Chapman and Miss Susan C. Cabot, as among the contributors to our publications, we need not vouch either for their quality or their execution. Fifteen *Tracts* have been issued and stereotyped, and great numbers distributed over the Country. Other *Tracts* will follow, according as we have the means put into our hands. Liberal donations have been made for this specific purpose, many of them from persons who would not be likely to contribute to our general funds. We urge a continuance and a large increase in this liberality. There was never a time when the public mind was more accessible, or when it was more hungry for anti-slavery facts and arguments. Our work is carried on by means of newspapers, books, tracts, agents, meetings and conventions, and persons contributing to the treasury can indicate the direction they should prefer to have given to their funds. We entreat our members, and all who feel that slavery is a thing with which they have some concern, to consider whether they can better employ their means than in assisting the American Anti-Slavery Society in carrying on the work by means of some or all of their instrumentalities. And we should say here, that the success of this Movement, as well as our measure of success in other ways, is greatly owing to the untiring and faithful services of Abby Kelley Foster, who consented to act as our General Financial Agent about a year ago. Giving herself to this work with the earnest enthusiasm which has marked her whole anti-slavery life, she has produced results such as, we think, no other individual could have done. Her services, since she entered on her duties, have been most laborious in their nature, and most beneficent in their effects, and we trust that we shall long enjoy her invaluable cooperation in our efforts for the slave.

The Abolitionists, in various parts of the Country, have continued to make use of the National and local holidays as favourable opportunities for collecting the people together, to hear anti-slavery truth. The Fourth of July has been made, where there was opportunity, an occasion of Anti-Slavery Assemblies. It is a fit use to make of the day. As celebrated throughout the land, it is a delusion and a mockery; a jubilee over a Deliverance which has given it up to a Tyranny beyond computation worse than that it overthrew. The Fourth of July, 1776, was indeed a memorable day, and produced effects over the world which the men of that day dreamed not of. But still less did they dream that they were founding a State with slavery as its corner-stone, and with slave-drivers as its lords. It is our business to supply the complement of the Revolution that day set up. We are preparing for the advent of true Independence Day, when the world will have a genuine Festival of Freedom, mocked by no derisive contradictions, at which every inhabitant of the land may assist, and which will be really the inauguration of a true Republic. Till then, let our bastard Independence Day be used by the genuine friends of Freedom only for a text of rebuke and denunciation, as a Pretext, a Sham, and a Lie, until it be superseded by the Feast of Freedom with which God would make His children free indeed. The Anniversary of the Emancipation of the British Slaves has been long marked with a Red Letter in the Anti-Slavery Calendar. The Abolitionists delight in meeting together on the First of August, and rejoicing with the rejoicing freedmen of the British Empire. That pure and bright example they hail, both for the hope and the guidance which beam from it. It has been celebrated in various parts of the Country, and, for the two last years, in the immediate neighbourhood of this City, with the most signal and gratifying success. The Abolitionists of Plymouth, Massachusetts, for several years past, have wisely turned the Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims from a Service for the Dead to one for the Living. It has been made a most interesting and instructive occasion. We cannot enumerate the multitudes of Conventions, Mass Meetings and other demonstrations of an anti-slavery character, which have been held all over the Free States. Where we could, we have given them the assistance of our agents, or have stirred up voluntary help in their behalf. And we are bold to repeat, that never was there so much and so thorough Agitation of the matter of slavery, or a greater eagerness to hear, since the Cause began, as during the past two years.

Nor must we omit to mention, as foremost among the instrumentalities by which the means of carrying forward the Cause have been furnished, the Anti-Slavery Fairs which have been held in many places, but especially in Boston, Philadelphia and Cincinnati. These Sales, which have now settled into an Institution, have been growing in importance, both as respects their pecuniary receipts and their influence on the Cities in which they are held. We believe they have never so fully rewarded the time and pains the anti-slavery women of the country have bestowed upon them as the last times they have been held. We have already expressed our gratitude to the women of England, Scotland and Ireland, for the gifts they sent, valuable for the money they brought into the treasury, more valuable as telling us of intelligent zeal and sympathy for the suffering slave. We have also to acknowledge important assistance from the Continent of Europe—from France, from Switzerland, from Germany, and elsewhere. Although these philanthropists have already received the thanks of the ladies engaged in the Bazaars, we think that the gratitude of the Abolitionists at large should be added to theirs, as common partakers of their goodness. The work in which we are engaged is the world's work—though it is our speciality—and we welcome every help that comes to our perishing clients, as a solemn recognition of the oneness of Humanity, and of the common duty of all human beings to unite for the destruction of the common enemy of the race.

It is now something more than a quarter of a century since the American Movement for the Abolition of Slavery on the principle of Immediate Emancipation was set on foot by Mr. Garrison, and nearly twenty-three years since this Society was gathered. The Abolitionists, whose memory runs back to that day of small things, have seen many changes in the world around, and may justly claim many of them as the work of their hands. Those of them who began at the beginning, and have persevered unto this Anniversary Week, constitute a sort of measure of the changes in Public Opinion for the last five and twenty years. As they marked on the Nilometer, in Egypt, the different points to which the Great River had risen in different years, so their memories and their contemporary records furnish unerring monuments of the flowings and the ebbings of that vast tide which sweeps nations on to glory or to ruin. They had no distant idea of the work that lay before them, or of the instruments by which it was to be accomplished. They merely discerned the crying sin of the Nation, and thought, good easy men, that all that was necessary was to let the Nation know what it was about, when repentance and reformation would follow as night the day. Of course, their first thoughts and their first appeals were made to those who had in charge the souls of the American People, and whose especial business it was to bring them from sin unto righteousness. Being earnestly religious persons themselves, and having taken up arms against this form that the Enemy of Souls had assumed, they never dreamed that these works of his, which looked so black and horrible to them, could appear venial to any of the Shepherds of the Lord's Sheep, still less that he could assume to them, in this shape, above all, the garb of an angel of light. But it did not take many years to disabuse them of these delusions.

The Anniversaries of the American Anti-Slavery Society have been faithful types of the condition of the general mind. In the earlier days, the Platform bore the weight of a large proportion of Clergymen, of various denominations, within its ample verge. They were not, as a general thing, the most eminent, in rank, of their denominations, and the denominations were rather of the humbler and democratic than of the wealthier and aristocratic descriptions. The very few Clergymen of worldly distinction that were betrayed into a temporary sympathy with the Movement, in its earlier days, soon discovered and retraced the false steps they had made. The honest gentlemen who held by the Platform for awhile (and we believe that most of them *were* honest then, whatever they might have become afterwards) saw in the Slave Population a field for Missionary labour, unhappy fellow-men, deprived of Gospel privileges and condemned to heathen darkness, in a land of Christian light, and they accepted the Anti-Slavery Movement as a new sort of Domestic Missions, which was to convert Masters and Slaves to the particular form of Christianity they received. And we include in this category many Laymen of piety and zeal for religion, who used to swarm upon the Platform. But, in due time, the Great American Church gave all these to understand, by the most unequivocal indications, that such was no part of its Creed. They were told, in significant signs or by emphatic silence, that any doctrines which went to unchurch the communicants and unfrock the ministers of one-half the Country, were damned heresies—that the Church was the first love of the Lord, and that he would take measures for the redemption of those black confessors at the South when he could find leisure from the conversion of the superior class of sinners, who were better worth saving.

And so occasion was found, or made, to withdraw their countenance from our Platform, and they went their way and we saw them no more. The saints *par eminence* retired, and they who believed a black soul of as much value as a white one, and who were infidels to the Christianity which would exclude them from its benefits on account of the way that their Creator had been pleased to make them, were left in sole possession of it. But still it stood, and they stood on it, and managed to make themselves heard by the nation and the world. Then there were those who were closely bound by political sympathies and affinities to one or the other of the great Parties, who had taken refuge on our raft after the Anti-Masonic Party went to pieces, or were misled to think that slavery could be attacked and overthrown without touching either of the Parties which are its tools, there were not a few of such who went back and walked with us no more, when they saw whither they must needs go with us. Others, again, who were once ornaments of our Platform, and whose names illustrated our Official Lists, disappeared from our ranks, some to go to Congress, some to the State Senates, some to comfortable official stations, and some to an unwelcome obscurity. But the Platform still stood, and those that remained seemed as stout of heart as before these apostacies. The rising waves of Public Opinion, stirred by the breath of Anti-Slavery, reached first the Church and afterwards the State, and those who clung to the high places of either betook themselves to other deliverances—but the Nilometer still stood firm, and marked the height to which it had risen when it swept them away.

There came a time yet harder to bide than any of these, and that was when the Idea first dawned, that Duty to the Slave required the Sacrifice of allegiance to the Constitution of the Country, and demanded Revolution as the only way of escape, for black Slaves or white Freemen, from the despotism which was organized into a fundamental necessity. Then, many who were precious to us could see no longer eye to eye with us, and left our company in much sorrow and in no anger. And so we were left with yet diminished ranks, but still presenting a front to the enemy, which was never misunderstood by them, at least. Our simple principle has been, from the beginning, to weigh all opinions, characters and institutions in the balances of the Slave's instinct. We have tried truly to feel with them in bonds as bound with them, and to see whatever affected their condition with their eyes. We have believed this to be the true test of all institutions, ecclesiastical and political, in the Country, and we treated them as we found that they stood it. This is the true secret of the apparent weakness of our instrumentalities, and of the manifest and marvellous results they have brought about. We have used only the foolishness of preaching—setting forth the Anti-Slavery gospel in all its keenness, telling the Nation the things that most of all pertained to its peace, calling things by their right names, showing the inevitable tendencies of the existing state of things in Church and State, pointing out the only way of escape, and exhorting the people to flee from the wrath that was sure to come—and we see the effects of our persistent agitations on every side.

What do we see at this very moment of our Twenty-Second Anniversary? We see the Slave Power raging, because its time is short. Not satiated with the sop of Texas, with which it had gorged itself, and of New Mexico, which it is even now lubricating before swallowing it, it is opening its hungry jaws for Nebraska and Kansas, and lying privily (and hardly so) in wait for Cuba, for Hayti, and for the Sandwich Islands. Twenty years ago, it felt no appetite for these morsels, and why? Because it had then all that its real necessities demanded, and no one molested or made it afraid. It now demands this fresh supply because it feels that it is no longer sure of what it now has within its coil. It is making provision against an evil day, which its unerring instinct tells it must overtake it. Though we fear Kansas and Cuba, too, will yet be seized upon by slavery, as necessary to its defence, we believe, also, that it is because the citadel is weakened that these outworks are demanded. And whence this necessity? Because there have been men at the North determined to make themselves heard as to the condition to which slavery reduces the slaves and themselves. And they have made themselves heard. They have modified the sentiments and opinions of vast multitudes, who take not their name upon themselves. Opinions and sentiments are now uttered by weighty men and influential presses, which drew down upon us denunciation and even violence, not many years ago. The very question of Disunion, which has been regarded as the Shibboleth of the most fanatical of the anti-slavery tribes, is now bruited in popular assemblies, and discussed in popular newspapers. The wedge, of which we only inserted the edge, is receiving blows from without, which are driving it home.

Our conclusion of the whole matter is, that the American Anti-Slavery Society was never more justified, in all its ways, before men and before God, than it is now. It was never stronger. The virtue that goes out from it was never more potent for the healing of the Nation. And this, not because of our numbers, for we are few; nor of our influence, as men call influential, for not many rich or noble are called with us; but because of the fidelity with which we apply the anti-slavery test to all institutions and opinions, and the stern kindness with which we proclaim the results. This requires honest instinct and plain common sense, rather than genius or shrewdness, and simplicity of statement more than rhetoric and oratory. Our philosophy has been effectual to this day, and it would be most unwise to change it for any less simple and less broad.

We have not taken counsel of flesh and blood, and consulted the blind and lying oracles of temporary expediency. Whatever crushed the slave, we knew to be false and wicked, by whatsoever name it might baptize itself, or in whatever mask conceal its face. By this unerring test we have tried what named itself the Church of Christ, and we found it to be a synagogue of Satan. We denied not Christ or His Church, but that men who made merchandise of His brethren, and denied them all just knowledge of Him, that their ownership might be the surer, were not of Him, but of the Adversary. And so of those who in pulpit or professor's chair, preached the Gospel of Slavery, and baptized the unclean thing into the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. We refused to hold fellowship with these unfruitful works of darkness, and separated ourselves from them forever. So, when we saw that the political institutions of the country were made the citadel of Slavery, contrived to shelter, and comfort, and protect it forever, and that all the inhabitants were called upon to be its garrison and defenders, we refused to recognise as a Republican government institutions which rested on the denial of their right to themselves of one-sixth of the inhabitants. When we saw that we could hold no office under the Government without consenting to these things, we refused to enter into those wicked obligations ourselves, or to appoint others to assume them on our behalf. We have refused to listen to the voice of political charmers, however so wisely they might charm. We would not cast in our lot with Clay, nor with Taylor, nor with Scott, nor yet with the Free Soilers or the Know-Nothings. And our wisdom has been justified by its fruits.

Our business is to make continual claim for the stolen rights of the slaves; to make this guilty nation forever mindful of the three million innocent victims it keeps chained in the Southern prison-house, for its own imagined safety and gain; to make it impossible that the existence of the Slaves should ever be forgotten again. The Abolitionists stand in the place of the Slave, pleading his cause, pointing to his wounds, demanding the restoration of his rights, and denouncing the judgments of God on all who molest or consume him. The Abolitionists are the Conscience of this wicked nation, calling on it to repent. They cannot leave their vocation to be scared with the hot iron of sectarian struggles or partisan conflicts. They know that slavery exists because the people love it, and think it for their own advantage. They know, too, that as soon as the mind and heart of the people is changed, the outward institutions will change with them. To help to bring about this change is our Plan. As soon as the American People are in earnest and resolved to be rid of slavery, they will provide the Method without our help. All half measures are useless, or worse. An uncompromising, unsparing, unselfish Testimony against slavery, and the consenting to it of the Nation, is what the Time demands, and, God helping us, the Time shall have its need.

[From "The Liberty Bell": published for the National A. S. Bazaar.]

SONNETS.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN BISHOP ESTLIN.

BY ANNE WARREN WESTON.

I.

Years come and go, but our appointed task
Still lies before us—at our progress slow
We would not murmur, nor impatient ask
How long the way through which our steps must go?
Whither it leads and what its flowers we know,
And on we would in patient courage move,
While round us shines the bright and rosy glow
Reflected from the guiding lights above!
But as we fain would ring a joyous chime
In Freedom's honour, as in by-gone time,
Alas! the notes in silence die away,
Or mournful on the ear their echoes swell,
As tones that should have pealed, clear, full and gay,
Sink to the sadness of a funeral knell!

II.

The just man perisheth, but oh, say not
None layeth it to heart; a mighty crowd
Gather in spirit round the hallow'd spot
Where sleep his ashes; there together bowed
The Slave, the Blind; the Poor lament aloud
A friend and brother—men of differing creeds
Grieve over one so graciously endowed,
And the remembrance of his life-long deeds
Of Love and Mercy rise, as perfume strown,
In lands wherein his face was never known.
I, too, could weep, but for the trembling words
His own hand traced, courage and hope they give;
This the example his whole life affords,
"Resign'd to die, or resolute to live!"

Weymouth, September 9, 1855.

☞ The last letter I ever received from Mr. Estlin, written with the left hand, after the first attack of the illness of which he died, this line was quoted as expressive of his state of mind.

MORALS VS. MISSIONS.

Christian missions are, as a rule, beyond the general scope of newspaper discussion. The exceptional cases are those in which well-meaning people, under the impulse of benevolence, are asked to stultify themselves, or to strengthen one evil that they may thereby help to destroy another. Such a case has unfortunately arisen. In another column will be found the result of a meeting, held on Monday evening, in behalf of the Turkish missions, carried on by the American Board. The pro-slavery odour of that Board has caused many friends of missions to doubt. The Anti-Slavery Societies throughout the country have also doubted. The Ladies' Emancipation Society in Edinburgh stated their doubts once and again to those who represented this mission movement. One D.D. answered by telling them to mend their stockings, and leave missions and anti-slavery alone; another censured their uncalled-for interference; others have shirked the question; and that pink of charity and feebleness, the Rev. C. G. Young, has put himself forward to rank all such doubters with "the infidel party in the United States." Well, then, after three months' studying of the subject, getting all the information we could from all quarters, we have ceased to doubt; and are prepared to show why we think that Mr. Young and his Society ought not to be supported by the people of this country, until they cease to have connection with the pro-slavery American Board. We know the penalty of this decision; but no railing at us as the enemies of missions, or other evil speaking or uncharitableness, either by Mr. Young or his coadjutors, will prevent what we believe the facts being stated on this subject.

But who is Mr. Young that thus pities in a silly letter a thousand men better and abler than himself, as being agents in the work of infidels? We impugn not his motives, nor will his "agency" be characterized. The report shows him Secretary to the Society he has created; and while the "native teachers" and "Bebek Seminary" have had £181 7s. 6d. of the money collected, the Secretary's salaries and travelling expenses have been £253 4s., and the gross expenses at home £540 19s. 8d., against £689 3s. 6d. remitted to Constantinople for the general purpose of the mission! These figures speak for themselves, and show that Secretary Young has a stronger interest in supporting his Society than the agents of infidelity have in opposing either his organization or himself. But who are they who, according to Mr. Young, "reiterate the foolish and wicked slanders of the agents of the infidel party in the United States?" First, the Congregational Union of England and Wales in annual meeting assembled; second, the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society—both of which repudiated Mr. Young and his zeal for the American Board under the guise of supporting Turkish Missions; and, third, nearly every man who has honestly set himself to investigate the subject. In Edinburgh, ex-Bailies Duncan, Boyd and Fyfe, laymen as zealous for missions as any of Mr. Young's followers, have practically done what Professor Scott did in the Congregational Union—repudiated Mr. Young and his Society; and now, we have the Rev. Mr. Conder, of Leeds, one of the most ardent supporters of all Christian missions, publicly declaring that he would vacate his charge rather than allow Mr. Young to preach for a collection; and Mr. S. R. Ward, one of the most eloquent of preachers (a coloured man and once a slave), in the name of the anti-slavery cause and on behalf of his race, washing his hands forever of Mr. Young and his auxiliary to the pro-slavery Board of American Missions. But what are these against the men who subscribe?

One suspicious point connected with Mr. Young's Turkish Mission Aid Society is, that nobody seems to know much about it. At one time it is spoken of as an auxiliary to the American Board; at another as a help to the missionaries of that Board in Western Asia; at a third, as a Society for the support of native teachers. According to the atmosphere so is the statement; and Mr. Young seems to be all things to all men, if he but gain some subscriptions. In the feeble official letter circulated on Monday, at the meeting, Mr. Young affirms that his Society "is not an auxiliary to the American Board," which he conclusively proves by further affirming that the "sums contributed" "do not pass through the hands of the Board at all, but of their missionaries in the East," as if it mattered whether money passed through the American Treasurer's hands at Boston or at Constantinople. The object of this assertion is evidently to destroy the pro-slavery taint which attaches to the American Board. That body, however, is not ashamed of its pro-slavery sentiments and actions, and despising Mr. Young's small sophistry, says, at page 52 of the American Report for last year—"They (Mr. Young and his Society) do not propose to appoint missionaries, nor to interfere in any way with the regular operations of the Board, but simply *to deposit funds in our treasury*, with a view to extend our missions in these countries." This discrepancy of statement we leave Mr. Young to settle with the American Board, which has rewarded his zeal by creating him a corresponding member. But who are the American managers of the Armenian Mission? In 1853 the British and Foreign Bible Society refused to receive a delegate from the American Bible Society, in the person of the Rev. S. I. Prime, because he was a notorious abettor of slavery. In 1854–5, Mr. Young started a Society, and has secured many subscribers and advocates who do not subscribe to aid a mission of which the rejected Mr. Prime is a principal manager—one of the seven who manage the American Mission.

But Mr. Prime, like some of his brethren, may hold other opinions qualifying him especially for directing this mission in the East. Polygamy prevails there, and the American Board, according to the *New York Observer*, had its doubts upon that question. Some did not consider polygamy consistent with Christianity, and they memorialized the American Mission Board accordingly. The memorial was remitted to a committee—Chancellor Walworth, of New York, chairman. That committee's report refused to exclude polygamists from their churches. A discussion ensued. Some were dissatisfied. Mr. Perkins said, "Sir, we do not know how many polygamists are in the Mission Churches. According to the statements of the Secretary, the evening before last four cases had come before the Prudential Committee. In two cases polygamists were actually admitted into the Mission Churches. Not a hint of disapprobation was dropped by the Prudential Committee; in two cases the missionaries asked advice (from the Board) and it was refused." The Rev. Mr. Patton, of Hartford, said, "The missionaries, after discussion, did conclude that the Bible furnished no warrant for the exclusion of polygamists from the Church of Christ"; and concluded by reading a letter from the Rev. Mr. Griffin, who said, "The missionaries (in Oregon) declared that the time had not come to make a stand against adultery!" which appeared to be the "organic sin" of their locality. But the crowning reason given by Chancellor Walworth for recommending the report, not to say whether polygamists were bad church members, "was the opening of Turkey to the Gospel where polygamy is common." "Cases might arise there, and the Board, should they undertake to decide (whether polygamists should be admitted to the Mission Churches) might differ." The Board left "it" then, and, so far as we can learn, has still left it undecided. No wonder that Mr. Young is anxious, however unable, to separate his society, in appearance, from the American Board of Foreign Missions.

But there are other practical reasons why British supporters of missions should not employ the American agents. It is needless to say that slavery as well as polygamy has had a firm hold upon the social life of Turkey. Hundreds of witnesses, from Mahommed to Layard, prove this; and wherever the preachers of American Christianity have found the germ of slavery, their preaching has nursed the seed into a upas tree of misery and death, as among the Choctaw Indians. In Turkey, that preaching may strengthen and perpetuate the double infelicities of slavery and polygamy, unless British Christianity rebuke, rather than fraternize with the American type of our religion. Nor were the statements of the speakers on Monday evening fitted to dispel such objections. Missions to Turkey were lauded in the abstract as if people opposed them, while the connection with the American Board and the objections to that were parried by not very dexterous fencing. One rather apologized for the connection with the American Board, by alleging, first, that Americans are more acceptable to Turks than British missionaries would be; and, second, that if British Protestants sent missionaries, so would the French Romanists. The whole probabilities, not to say facts, contradict the first assertion; and Mr. Young destroyed the last by asserting, as an additional reason for subscribing, that the Romanists were already there! That gentleman denies that the American Board of Missions is answerable for the conduct of the Tract Society, although he does not deny that the missionaries of the one circulate the tracts of the other; and some declare that the American Board is less pro-slavery than it was—a statement which words would suggest, but which facts deny. In short, every kind of excuse for their position is made by many who have been drawn—we had almost said duped—into connection with this Society; but the fact remains unchanged, that those who resolved and re-resolved not to hold fellowship with the abettors of slavery, have now joined hands with the pro-slavery preachers of America, in order that the Christianity which has created and perpetuates the bondage of 3,000,000 slaves, among whom it sees no heathen in the South, may shed its benignant mercies over Asiatic Christians, whose "distinctive dogma," according to Mr. Young's report, "is the monophistic, confusing the divine and human natures of the Redeemer." By all means let such darkness be enlightened, but keep the light untainted by that "divinity" which sustains the slave-stealing of Washington, the slave-breeding of Maryland, the slave-hunting of Alabama, and the soul and body murder of the entire system.—*Edinburgh News, Saturday, Dec.* 22.

SECTIONAL CHRISTIANITY.

We find the following among the religious intelligence of the day:

"The Rev. T. S. Reeve has resigned the pastoral care of the First Presbyterian Church (N. S.) in St. Joseph, Mo. The Church Session advertise in *The Christian Observer*, for a pastor, to whom they will pay $500 to $800 a year; but they want one who is 'a Southern man in his feelings,' and 'care not where he was born or educated.'"

We congratulate the First Presbyterian Church (N. S.), in St. Joseph, Mo., on its progressive ideas. The wide, universal humanitarianism of the Apostles was to be their element of success. They were to break down the petty boundaries of Judaism and Paganism and preach the Gospel to all nations. In that spirit and act of proselytism they dissevered from other religions of the time; for the conquerors of old were not proselytizers. If they overcame an enemy and laid him under tribute, they cared not about the catalogue of his gods or the specialities of his sacrifices. Nay, more, the deities of the subdued provinces were duly installed in the Pantheon, at Rome, with all the honours. Alexander, too, did homage at the temple of Jerusalem; and Cæsar invited the chief priests or politicians of Gaul to Rome and to seats in the Senate. It was even held as a popular belief that each country was so far under the beneficent and vindictive protection of its own gods as that special acts of impiety toward them would be visited with penalties. No place was supposed to be without its particular providence. The philosophers, especially, made it a rule not to meddle with the actual religion of the people. Five years of preparation was deemed by Pythagoras necessary before the vail was the least lifted from the vulgar creed and the threshold of the esoteric temple displayed. But the let-alone principle was invaded under the Christian preacher. To proselytize was the life and soul of the new religion. To cross seas and deserts, to challenge toils, exposures and dangers, to refuse pay, emolument and honour—to deny home, country, friends, all for the sake of the cause, was the martyr-spur to the Apostles. Heroism without the world's rewards was the touchstone of the teacher and healer then. Paul did not go to Rome because he was Roman in his feelings, but because he was Christian.

But neither Paul nor any of the early Apostles would suit the First Presbyterian Church (N. S.) in St. Joseph, Mo. Not one of them would have been "Southern" in his feelings—only cosmopolitan and Christian. Neither was the admiration of Paul for "bonds" of the N. S. Order. He held them as the last thing one man should invoke for another. In his magnificent appeal for religion and liberty before the Roman Governor he has left nothing for the scourgers of men and women to build a theory upon.

O wonderful Presbyterians of the N. S. of Missouri! Marvellous believers in the golden rule! Exquisite interpreters of the Sermon on the Mount! Delectable followers of Christianity! A Southern Christian! A Bible to suit the Missouri slave-drivers, and that shall ever have consolations and hopes for Stringfellow and Atchison!

Eternity measured by the degrees of latitude—likewise by the thermometer—also by the price of negro flesh! A minister is wanted, worth $500 to $800 a year! Only the apostle must be Southern in his feelings; his particular Christianity is of no account. If he can swallow slavery, why not gulp all other crimes and enormities? $500 for a Southern preacher!—*Tribune.*

"A MINISTER FOR SALE."

There is an advertisement in a Kentucky paper of one for sale. He was a slave to a man recently deceased. It is stated in the advertisement that he holds a license to preach. Churches in want of a pastor will take notice. —*Anti-Slavery Reporter* (London, Eng.), 1st August, 1855. It is to be supposed that such a "chattel" as the above, will afford "a good spec," in Kentucky and other places in the slave States, and is published in Canada, *as one fact*, however glaring, pitiful and degrading. The authority is indisputable, for the *Reporter* is published "under the sanction of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society," London, England—our "Free and happy land." No publication of the American Tract Society or of the American Sunday School Union giving information to explain the matter of the slave question, or to awaken feelings as to the subject of slavery, is published by either; and that in their own land where American slavery perpetrates such a sale! That such a fact as this sale has a counterpart, is furnished in the *Reporter* of 1st September, 1855—for *there* is undoubted proof, by the Rev. B. F. Sedgewick, a Presiding Elder in Western Virginia, who states (and he says, too, in *italics*, "I speak of that which I do know, deny it who dare!") "that slavery has, for years and does at this moment exist in the ministry of the Methodist Epi-copal Church. A presiding elder, during the late session of the Western Virginia Conference, told me *there were three of its members* (ministers) *who were slaveholders"!* The Rev. D. R. McAnnaly also states (as in *Reporter*), "slavery is not a bar to communion in the Methodist Episcopal Church North, any more than in the Church South. Here, in Missouri, Arkansas, Kentucky and Virginia, a slaveholder is admitted into the Church North as freely as any one else"—and further on, it is stated on the authority of the Rev. J. G. D. Pettijohn, "a highly esteemed member (minister) of the North Indiana Conference," who says, alluding to those who believe that, since the division of the Methodist Episcopal Church into South and North, they are now entirely free from all connection with slavery and slaveholders, "I will introduce them to a person who is in good standing in our church, who, a few months since, sold a slave to a Southern slave-trader—the most despicable character on earth—and when this slave was delivered to his new master, they had to tie him hand and foot and throw him upon a dray, and send him in this way to the steamboat that was to convey him South to the New Orleans slave-market. And in the same city where the above instance occurred, there was for many days in that slave pen, or prison, a slave left there for sale to the highest bidder, whoever he might be, either a St. Clair or Legree, all the same; after a few days, this slave was purchased by one of his old neighbours, who was not willing to see him sold to the Southern slave-driver; and this slave that was thus sold was not only the property of a Methodist, but also of a Methodist preacher! I stood by, on one occasion, and saw a member of our church, and a *class-leader* at that, purchase a slave girl, the last and only child that a slave mother had left. I stood and looked upon that poor mother, as she kneeled before this man; I heard her say, as she sobbed bitterly, 'O, massa, please spare my child! O, please spare my last earthly

great the insanity of the North! Like Samson, it has foolishly revealed the secret of its strength, ay, and the source of its weakness; and the Philistines of the South have taken it captive, put out its eyes, and made it grind in the prison-house for them; and if, at last, it shall rise in its returning strength, it will be to feel for the pillars of this heaven-accursed Union, and bring it to the ground. Samson told Delilah that if she should cut off his locks, he would be weak as other men. Then, said the Philistines, we know where the secret of his strength lies; and the deed was done.

O, the folly and infatuation of the people of the North! For sixty-eight years, we have been telling the slaveholders that we consider the preservation of the American Union paramount to all other considerations! "Do what you will for the extension of slavery, or the subversion of our own rights, there is one thing we mean to do, and that is, *always to stand by the Union!* For that, we will give up everything — conscience, self-respect, manhood, liberty, all!" "We ask nothing more," say the slaveholders; "that is a *carte blanc* in our hands to wield against you with omnipotent effect; it is all we want to know. We will have the Fugitive Slave bill. We know you will wince, and remonstrate, and threaten; but we have only to crack the whip of disunion over your heads, to bring you down on your knees at once. We will repeal the Missouri Compromise. We expect you to rave and resist; but you will yield the point, like whipped spaniels, when we threaten to dissolve the Union. You have agreed that, to save the Union, you will be submissive to the end." And so, all over the North, there is not a political party that does not say, "We are for the Union." The new "fusion" or "Republican" party reiterates the cry of the South, "The Union, it must and shall be preserved." What is this but the betrayal of liberty into the hands of the Philistines? Talk about restoring the Missouri Compromise! As well talk of causing the sun and moon to stand still! Talk of repealing the Fugitive Slave bill! "When the sky falls, we will catch larks." Talk about stopping the progress of slavery, and of saving Nebraska and Kansas! Why, the fate of Nebraska and Kansas was sealed the first hour Stephen Arnold Douglas consented to play his perfidious part. I hold that any man who talks of a Union with slaveholders, such as they prescribe, has no right to call himself a friend of the slave. In becoming an Abolitionist, I pledged myself to stand by the side of the slave, and make his case my own; and I will not support a Constitution from which he is excluded. I will go in for no Union in which he is doomed to clank his fetters. I will give allegiance to no Government which does not protect his rights with my own. Therefore, I stand outside of this Government, and, by the help of God, I mean to effect its overthrow. That seems to me to be the only consistent course to be taken. "No Union with Slaveholders!" Why? Because they will have no Union with us unless we will join in their villany. I do not know what anti-slavery men mean by saying they are opposed to slavery, and yet for preserving the Union. The coloured man who glorifies the Union which makes him an outlaw is beside himself. Our first duty is to pronounce the American Union accursed of God—to arraign every man who supports it, and tell him, as Jesus told the rich young man in the Gospel, that whatever else he may have done, one thing he yet lacketh: *he must give up his support of the Union.* Why continue the experiment any longer? It is all madness and delusion; let this slaveholding Union go; and when it goes, slavery will go down with it. Whatever stands in the way of freedom, I am for its overthrow. The slaveholders are powerless without us. It is the North, after all, which has done this evil work. Our business is with ourselves. The people of the North hold in their hands the key whereby the dungeon's door may be opened, and the slaves set free. We have little to do with the slaveholders. I do not address myself to them; they are incapable of hearing or understanding our arguments; they are insane men. My appeal is not to them, but to the people of the North, who are the props and the pillars of the slave system. Let our rallying cry be, "No Union with Slaveholders, religiously or politically!" Let us up with the flag of disunion, that we may have a free Northern Republic of our own, by the side of which no slaveholding despotism can exist. And when that hour shall come, God will have made it possible for us to be one people from the Atlantic to the Pacific.—*W. L. Garrison, in The Liberator.*

When Benjamin Franklin was 84 years of age, the last public labour of his long and useful life, the formation of the Federal Constitution, having just before been completed, he wrote the following letter to his friend and Revolutionary compatriot, John Langdon, then Governor of New Hampshire, and afterwards Democratic Vice-President of the United States:

"Philadelphia, Aug. 4, 1788.

"Sir: The Pennsylvania Society for promoting the abolition of slavery and the relief of free negroes unlawfully held in bondage, have taken the liberty to request your Excellency's acceptance of a few copies of their constitution and the laws of Pennsylvania which relate to one of the objects of their institution; also of a copy of Thomas Clarkson's excellent essay upon the Commerce and Slavery of the Africans.

"The Society have heard with great regret that a considerable part of the slaves who have been sold in the Southern States since the establishment of peace have been imported in vessels fitted out in the State over which your Excellency presides. From your Excellency's station, they hope your influence will be exerted hereafter to prevent a practice which is so evidently repugnant to the political principles and forms of government lately adopted by the citizens of the United States, and which cannot fail of delaying the enjoyment of the blessings of liberty by drawing down the displeasure of the great and impartial Ruler of the Universe upon our country.

"I am, in behalf of the Society,

"Sir, y'r mo. ob'd't servant,

"B. Franklin.

"His Excellency J. Langdon, Esq."

No man was ever further than Benjamin Franklin from being a "fanatic," an "agitator," a meddler with other people's business; yet here was a case in which Pennsylvania had no direct concern—a case of the importation of slaves by the citizens of New Hampshire, hundreds of miles distant on one side, and their sale to citizens of Carolina and Georgia, still further off in an opposite direction. The traffic he condemned was perfectly legal, according to the prevailing ideas and "the laws of labour" (such is Messrs. Cushing and Pierce's delicate euphonism), prevailing in most States, affirmed and applauded it. In short, it was just as lawful, respectful and righteous then to import a cargo of slaves into Charleston from Guinea as it now is to buy them in Virginia and sell them in New Orleans or Texas. Yet Benjamin Franklin did not hesitate to "agitate the slavery question," by urging Gov. Langdon to have the slave trade outlawed in New Hampshire. He (often stigmatised as an Infidel) urged that not to stop the slave trade would expose *our country* (not the South alone) to "the displeasure of the great and impartial Ruler of the Universe." Have we not public men in this fast age who might learn from old Ben. Franklin?—*Tribune.*

The Coloured Patriots of the Revolution.—With this title, our friend, William C. Nell, of Boston, has published a volume of nearly 400 pages. Harriet Beecher Stowe writes a page of graceful introduction, and Wendell Phillips eloquently endorses it. But, in truth, the book needs no extraneous aid. It is not only a needed and valuable record of the trials, privations and sacrifices of the coloured soldiers of the Revolution, and of their equal claim with their white comrades to whatever honour is attached to bravery and patient endurance, but it is eminently a readable volume, enlivened with frequent anecdotes, interesting narratives, and biographical sketches of the prominent coloured actors in the great drama of the Revolution. It evinces a great deal of research and labour on the part of its author, himself a man of colour. He has no reason to be ashamed of his first essay as a writer. His style is plain, terse and manly, and, for its freedom from rant or extravagance, might be profitably studied by the majority of even white orators and writers on Revolutionary topics.

Not long ago, the editor of the New York *Express*, the intensity of whose white Americanism seems mainly to manifest itself in hating "the nagers" as heartily as Bishop Hughes and his Irish followers, pretty plainly intimated that the coloured people had no proper claim to be considered in the political affairs of the country; that "Sam," and not "Sambo," was alone to be consulted. We commend to him the volume before us. He will find, by its perusal, that in the dark and doubtful struggle of the Revolution, Sam and Sambo were fellow-comrades, mingling their common blood at Bunker Hill, Saratoga, Red Bank and Fort Moultrie. The honour and glory of the Revolution may be denied to the coloured man, but none can henceforth dispute the fact of his full participation in its toil, and danger, and suffering.

The volume is neatly printed, and illustrated with two or three engravings. Robert F. Walcutt, of Boston, is the publisher.—*J. G. Whittier, in the National Era.*

A Slave Heroine.—The Trenton, N. J., *Gazette* records the passage through that town of a party of fugitive slaves, under the following remarkable circumstances: Two years ago, a slave woman, advanced in years, the mother of six children, who had all been sold from her when old enough to be useful, overheard her master bargaining for the sale of her grandson, a boy fifteen years old, to a trader. This being the last of her family, she resolved not to permit it, and the same night fled with the boy. They travelled by night northward guided by the north star, and, after long wandering, reached Canada.

There she hired herself out for wages, and two months ago, with the result of her own and her boy's labours, returned to the South, where, concealing herself in the woods, she revealed her presence only to her friends, and thus collected seven of her children and grandchildren. They started northward, travelling only by night, and concealing themselves during the day. Before reaching Philadelphia they were so worn out with hunger and hardship, as to be obliged to seek the aid of friends. These were found, and the whole party were then fed and clothed, and forwarded to Canada. This woman is nearly sixty years of age, yet alone she has done all this.

We doubt if a similar instance of devotion to friends and kindred is on record. It requires a daring mind to even conceive the idea of going back to the scene of bondage, and encountering the hazard of discovery in the lion's den. But nothing short of that heroism which, under other circumstances, has made men immortal, was needed to put into execution an enterprise so full of difficulty and danger. Such spirits, if any, not only deserve to be free, but are fitted to enjoy the largest liberty.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1856.

THE TWENTY-SECOND NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

A brief history of this institution, which is to cooperate for the extinction of slavery until its abolition, by furnishing the American Anti-Slavery Society with means for the promulgation of its principles, may not be unacceptable to our new and numerous co-labourers.

In 1829, Garrison first felt the indignant swell of heart which prompted him to devote his life to the emancipation of the American slave—to the redemption of his country from slavery—to the freedom of the world. In 1830 he established *The Liberator*, and in 1833 founded the American Anti-Slavery Society. The principles he enunciated were the same then adopted and ever since acted upon by that Society—the sinfulness of slavery, and the justice and necessity of its immediate abolition, without the expatriation of its victims. The measures adopted were the ones universally employed in America for the furtherance of moral undertakings—to wit, the press and the rostrum—both requiring funds.

The leading Managers of this twenty-second Bazaar were among the first to experience this need of money for the instruction of their country on a subject so long kept out of sight by venal statesmen and more venal churchmen (whose respective constituencies were deeply interested in the continuance of slavery) that the whole existing generation had grown up in ignorance of its duties and responsibilities, and even of the very facts of the case.

It was in 1834 that the first Bazaar was put in operation, in the little hall of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, 46 Washington street, now called Stacy Hall. Mrs. Child and Mrs. Ellis Gray Loring were the moving and the leading influences, and the proceeds were $300.

The efforts and example of these beloved friends stirred many hearts to come up to their help, whose labours were to cease only with life; and I call to mind to-day the feelings with which I quoted the following lines, as I bade them farewell at night, after their first day's attendance:

"Speed thee! speed thee!
Liberty lead thee!
Many this day shall hearken and heed thee!"

And the prophecy has been fulfilled. The movement has gone on ever since with continually increasing efficacy.

The next year, 1835, was the year when the women of this Association were mobbed for exercising their right to associate, to publish and to act, like others, after slavery had forbidden it. Vital as was their cause to the honour and welfare of the nation, and as far transcending all other claims and causes as the foundation of an edifice exceeds in importance the ornaments, Boston then failed to perceive it. It was not a prayer-meeting that was mobbed. It was the second annual meeting of the Society, for the transaction of anti-slavery business, and for the promotion of the cause as we judged best; though its having been opened with prayer, according to the general custom of anti-slavery meetings, probably led to a misapprehension in some accounts of it. Of course, the next Bazaar was a service of danger. It was held at the house of Henry Chapman, 6 Chauncy Place; and I now recollect what Garrison then said to the heads of that devoted household—ever since faithful through all the stress of the times to the hour that laid them in their honoured graves: "Whatever light may break upon our cause hereafter, we can never forget who they were that stood by it in an hour so dark as this."

The proceeds of this year's effort were $600.

The next year, 1837, the scene of action was the "Artists' Gallery," so called, in Summer street, near the spot now occupied by that munificent and devoted friend of the cause, Charles F. Hovey. It was the only hall that could be obtained, through the terrors and the hatred of the owners of that kind of property; and we owed it to the Free-Thinkers (*the infidels*, as the community who mobbed us called them) of Abner Kneeland's congregation; and we felt that they came nearer, on that occasion, to the character of Christ, than the churches that prophesied in his name.

This year we raised $800.

In 1838, the Bazaar was held at the Marlboro' Chapel Hall, now the premises of the Lowell Institute. Up to this time, we had received but little foreign aid—only the donations of our beloved friend Elizabeth Pease, then of Darlington; now, the wife of our esteemed friend, Dr. Nichol, of the Observatory, of Glasgow. We raised, however, a larger sum than the year before; and over the space appropriated to each town in Massachusetts that came to our aid floated the banner pertaining to its old English name, with an appropriate anti-slavery device, expressive of its continuance in the same free principles that guarded and graced its ancestral history.

This year we raised $1,100.

The Bazaar of 1839 was held, as on the previous year, at the Marlboro' Chapel, and now an attempt was begun to break up the American Anti-Slavery Society. Southern Doctors of Divinity, and slaveholding professors of religion, seeing all their professions discredited, and all their sanctified, selfish worldliness endangered by the holiness of our cause, began to play upon the cowardice and selfishness of Northern doctors and professors, and through these on Mr. Lewis Tappan and others, whom we had, in all confidence, elected, the previous year, to serve as Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Thus acted upon by the Northern tools of slavery, Mr. Tappan and others of that faithless Committee fell away from the body of their constituents, calumniated Garrison, and strove to deliver the Society, with all its funds and machinery, into the hands of men more in sympathy with slaveholders than with Abolitionists. Abolitionists were, however, awake to the emergency, and none more so than ourselves. We instantly refused, though at the last moment, on learning the evil intentions and the recreancy of our New York Committee of that year, to carry on the Bazaar of 1839, which we had already organized; for we saw that our funds would be used to divide and dishonour the cause. Thus we gave a timely note of warning to all the members, scattered over the land; the schismatics were exposed and weakened; and when, in 1840, the American Anti-Slavery Society held its annual meeting, that faithful body turned out of office its dishonest servants. They had robbed it of its newspaper, *The Emancipator;* they had paid their own expenses to Europe, calling themselves falsely its delegates to the London Convention; they had spent its money in maligning it in Great Britain; they had embezzled $18,000 worth of property, and they refused to surrender the cash book or any of the counting-room books. Meanwhile, the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Committee in London, to their own infinite and ineffaceable disgrace, took the most decided partisan ground in behalf of these dishonest men. They proved themselves unworthy the confidence of the British Abolitionists, by receiving with honour, at the Convention of 1840, the men whom, for their own credit's sake, they should have sent home disgraced. They refused to receive that most honourable body of persons composing the actual delegation of the American Anti-Slavery Society; and from that hour they lost the confidence of the Abolitionists of Great Britain. Whatever is done for the cause there has been done apart from and over them. The Abolitionists of Great Britain, despising their inertness and pretence, took the only way of coercing them in the way of duty, by advancing so rapidly in alliance with us that, for shame's sake, and in order not to lose their cloak of pretence, the British and Foreign Committee are obliged to follow painfully and unwillingly in the path we mark out for them, while secretly strengthening any and every adverse influence which serves as a cover to their hypocrisy. It is because they have contrived to keep some good men of their number ignorant of these things that we are thus constantly explicit. The scene of it may be far away, and the time may be long ago: but whatever concerns moral rectitude stands forever at the ethical judgment-bar: and the history of the past must always be used in explanation of the problems of the present. From 1840 dates the constant aid we receive from Great Britain. The Abolitionists of the United Kingdom then turned their backs upon this nondescript confederacy in Broad Street, whose first wish has since been not to offend the slaveholder, and whose first idea, the substitution of some trifling measure for the great issue.

Having supplied the places of our recreant Committee at New York, we proceeded to establish the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, an instrumentality of unequalled value to the cause, as well as of a character unique in the world. As *The Liberator* is alone and unparalleled in its vindication of personal freedom, so the *Standard* guards the freedom of associated action. Therefore it is that, while, as individuals, we sustain *The Liberator*, its great Editor with us sustains the *Standard*, and would deem the sums we raise to keep its folds afloat an economical expenditure for the race of man, though, instead of thousands of subscribers, it had not one. The white "flag at the fore" is but a little thing, but it guides and leads the fleet, as the single hand on the helm is but one, and yet *all* hands feel its touch.

In 1841, and for the three succeeding years, the Bazaar was held in Amory Hall, corner of West and Washington streets. It was here that the Earl of Carlisle sought the Abolitionists where they were to be found, cheerfully engaged in the seemingly trifling, but really all-important, duty of the hour, and never since has his voice of cheer been wanting to them in their land or his own. There it was that his sister, the Duchess of Sutherland, came in the spirit and by her words of sympathy, "because it was impossible *not* to do whatever might *possibly* be of use," and because she "felt impelled to stretch her hand across the Atlantic to a band near to every sympathy of her heart," and because "from youth this cause had come between her and her peace." And so she has ever cherished it: and shall not this cause of human nature be, to her latest hour, peace and joy and continual consolation, as in all affliction it is to us?

The pecuniary receipts of these years in Amory Hall stand thus:

1841,	$2,000	1843,	$2,812
1842,	2,641	1844,	2,800

After 1844, the Bazaar was held in Faneuil Hall, with the following results:

1845,	$3,754	1848,	$3,300
1846,	4,525	1849,	3,360
1847,	4,300	1850,	3,410

At Assembly Hall, near the Worcester Railroad: 1851, $3,125

At Horticultural Hall, School street: 1852, $4,052 | 1852, $4,256

Winter street Hall, No. 15: 1854, $5,011 | 1855, $4,650

For their constant, sympathetic, devoted and abundant cooperation, during all these toilsome years, we feel how much we owe our honoured and beloved associates in Great Britain.

To our beloved and honoured friends, the Webbs, Allens, Haughtons and Edmundsons, of Dublin; the Wighams, of Edinburgh; the Patons, of Glasgow; the Armisteads, Baineses and Luptons, of Leeds; Mesdames Reid, Massie and Sturch, of London; Miss Estlin and friends, of Bristol; Miss Whitlegge and friends, of Manchester; S. A. Steinthal, of Bridgewater; Geo. Thompson; Mr. Bishop and friends, of Liverpool; the Sturges, of Northfleet, with all their numerous and to us unknown friends, whom (as the tribes inscribed on his breast-plate by Moses) "we bear continually on our hearts, though we know not their names"—to each and to all of these we gratefully offer the assurance of our deep sense of personal obligation for the Cause's sake. Their confidence shall stimulate us to more effective labours (more sincere or more devoted we cannot make) for this magnificent and holy cause—our cause—*their* cause—the cause of the whole world; the cause so vital and fundamental to human nature; the cause which rewards so abundantly all who give themselves to bear it onward, that one note of joyful acclaim and congratulation goes forth from our ranks to meet its every fresh adherent; alike from the hearts that have left their early dead upon its battle-field, and from the hands that have borne the brand, the prison and the chain; from the voices still constant, though too much broken by their winters of service to be so strong up-lifted as of old, but which still utter words of hope and cheer; from the homes where heroic and self-suffering poverty witnesses against the wealth that comes of wrong, by trampling for a lifetime upon all its opportunities and temptations—these are they whose daily blessing is with you, friends of freedom in the British Empire!

Will our new contributors, also, Lady Blackburne and Lady McCaskill (whose names appear for the first time in our report—names dear to multitudes of the suffering and oppressed in their own land), receive our warmest acknowledgments for their exquisite gifts.

To our excellent friends in France also, the Monods and Kellers, the André-Walthers and de Staels of Paris, the Guépins of Nantes, the Girauds of Angers, and the friends cooperating with them in the South of France and in Switzerland, we would express no less cordial and grateful acknowledgments.

Let us now proceed to give to these and all our honoured co-labourers some slight sketch of this Twenty-Second National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, which they have effectually promoted. It opened on the 19th of December, 1855, continuing exactly a fortnight, to include New-Year's Day. We never attempt to deny that these are most fatiguing occasions; for the constant vigilance and activity required to do justice to the amount of property entrusted to us under such conditions, *ought* to draw deeply and to the utmost upon all the powers of brain and body. It is the unbounded confidence of the donors—it is the sacred and august cause—it is the grand and ennobling principle that invests every penny trifle with importance, and makes us watch with unremitting intensity over the smallest in common with the largest contributions. The habit of buying at the lowest possible rates, so strong in even the most thoughtless purchasers, makes them occasionally forget, what they ought ever to remember, that the American, of all others, should never ask to have the slave's property held cheap. The interests of our clients, the honour of our cause, and our credit as its advocates, above all, bid us demand the highest market prices for what the blind, the infirm, the aged, the infant, the poor, the invalid, have contributed from their physical or pecuniary resources; and the less value their generosity is disposed to place upon their gifts, the more are we in honour bound to place a high estimate upon them. We make ourselves not merchants, merely (no very "heavy descension" in a land whose merchants are princes), but servants of servants for the sake of the cause; but while doing so, we constantly remember that we are not hampered by the conditions of ordinary traffic to make our sales meet our payments. The gifts inscribed "From my children," "From John Bowkett, a working whitesmith," "From Mary Wright, a minister of the Society of Friends in her hundredth year"—"From an invalid gentleman, the work of his best hours during the year"—"From the children of a charity school"—"From young ladies at school"—"From the inmates of a blind asylum"—"From your aged friend"—may be assured by our earnestness in discharging aright the sacred trust they confide in us, that *we*, at least, lay to heart the noble lesson they are teaching to the rich, strong, clear-sighted, hard-hearted tyrants of the United States. This seems the proper moment to thank the venerated lady who has so greatly cheered us by her sympathy; and we subjoin her letter, that the blessing may be diffused as widely as possible:

Lymington, Hants.

To Miss Weston—*My Dear Madam:* I return many thanks for your kind gift of the account of the late Boston Bazaar, inscribed on the cover to me in your own hand-writing. This attention from a lady who has for many years been an object of high respect and affectionate interest to myself, is truly gratifying; nor had I ever thought my humble offerings were worthy of your individual regard.

"Their brightest part
Must be—they issue from a *fervid heart.*"

I was born in America, but left it, with my family, when not three years old, while the struggle for Independence existed, and have never revisited it; but I believe we are *distant* relatives of the late Judge Joseph Story, of Boston, whose son William corresponded with me while in Paris this year, and acknowledged the kindred. Indeed, I expected him in England at this period.

I am now very aged, very ill, lingering on life's brink, and, as my hand-writing testifies, nearly blind; but, while the dim light allows, I rejoice to assure you of my admiration for yourself, and my ardent wishes for the ultimate success of your most noble and pious enterprise—wishes which were fully sympathized in by every member of my family, *not one* of whom remains; for I am now wholly alone on the earth.

Believe me, dear Madam,
Yours faithfully and affectionately,
Mara Story.

Kindest regards to Mr. Garrison.

Another touching letter from a resident foreigner whom the readers of our last year's Report will not fail to recollect, is here subjoined:

Miss Anne Warren Weston—*Madam:* A year ago, I ventured to pay my respects to the Anti-Slavery Bazaar by sending a little present which found your approbation, indicated by mentioning it in the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, and in your pamphlet, for which kindness I respectfully thank you. It would give me great pleasure to sacrifice on this altar of humanity again this season, but (you will excuse my frankness) I am too poor. Disappointed in several small enterprises, overtaken by a complaint of the eyes and compelled to learn a new trade for making my living, I became so destitute of all means of subsistence, that I am not now able to give anything but my sincere wishes for success in your humane endeavours.

I know that in this country of practice, good wishes and congratulations, coming from poor people, may be considered worthless, but as I recognise the anti-slavery members as an exception to the general rule (a fact of which I have proofs), I do not hesitate to express my feelings and wishes for success again; and, if fortune should smile on me once more, surely, I shall not be the latest to support the cause according to my means.

A. J. W.

Madam, your humble servant,

While dwelling for a moment on the exquisite taste and great value of the gifts from France (which, in common with all the others, shall be more particularly and fitly acknowledged to each individual donor when the time and occasion serve), one, which I received through the lamented Madame Isidore Geoffroy-St. Hilaire, merits peculiar gratitude. It is a complete trousseau for an infant, without name or incription; but which, in all its little component parts, tells more plainly than words could do, that the bereaved heart of some peasant mother found relief in sending the little garments, no longer needed in her own home, to give to some slave mother, a fugitive from her own birth-place, that her child may be born in a free land. I showed to Mrs. Stowe, who was often present with us on this occasion, this affecting proof of her influence; and I pledge myself to that maternal heart in France, that its pious intention shall be fulfilled.

Such a slave mother came into the hall while we were thus engaged in raising funds to abolish the system that bears down with a power so deadly upon four millions of persons in this self-styled land of freedom. It was Mrs. Jane Johnson; and all our friends present thronged round to welcome and thank her—the strong-hearted woman, who, amid the thousand paralyzing influences a slaveholding nation brings to bear upon its victims, took advantage of the decision we procured on the "Med Case," in 1836, and claimed her freedom under it. We met her not as one we were to condescend to and patronise. It was a profound satisfaction to us to take by the hand, as our co-labourer in the cause, one whom neither threats nor cajolery could overcome, but who swore, in the face of the world, for the truth, for her children, and for the man in prison on her account, that the miserably contemptible United States Minister to Nicaragua *lied* when he said she loved slavery and was happy to return to it. Our beloved and honoured friends, Lucretia Mott, Sarah Pugh, Rebecca Plumly and Sarah McKim, who gave the support of their companionship to Mrs. Johnson, when she was confronted with Wheeler, will rejoice to hear that she is comfortably settled in the midst of us, our friend and neighbour; and, that "we shall want ere she wants!"

Much interesting conversation we had with some of the newly-admitted pupils to the public schools. They receive no insults, they say, on account of their colour, and all their families look back with us upon the abolition of the marriage law in Massachusetts, which we obtained in 1843, under a roar of scoffing and blasphemy, as one of those great legislative landmarks which prophesy the advance of a nation in civilization.

Space would fail us to recount the interesting conversations and interviews which took place during these fourteen days. The great blessing of the occasion is, that it brings together friends long parted, and as "iron sharpeneth iron," they are thus fitted for the severe encounters yet to come. Neither did we fail to remember the absent—the members of our Committee in Rome, in Florence, in Paris, and the fellow-labourers in the Western, Middle and New England States. We take this occasion to convey to our valued friend and representative in England, Parker Pillsbury, the assurance of our grateful and faithful regard. The photographs of him sent by the friends in Edinburgh was rapidly disposed of among the many American friends desirous to possess a memorial of him. The copies brought $3 each.

We must not forget to mention the photograph of our dear Edinburgh co-labourers, Mrs. and Miss Wigham, who have so gently and so bravely stood by the cause through the long course of years that it has struggled in America against ruffianly violence—in Great Britain against indifference and neglect—in both countries, against hypocritical pretence. There was something in this picture that awakened an interest in every heart. We first knew the name of Jane Smeal in the earlier days of our conflict, when, with that of Elizabeth Pease, of Darlington, it came, encouraging us to persevere, at the head of an address from a multitude of Englishwomen. Now, we see her, in maturer age, in company with her daughter and her friends—Miss Eliza Wigham and Miss Estlin. We were never tired of explaining the tie that had bound these women's hearts to ours during twenty years of anti-slavery conflict. The picture was purchased by subscription of the most devoted and beloved friends of the cause, and by them presented to Anne Warren Weston, whom a severe family bereavement prevented from taking her accustomed place at the Bazaar of this year.

The "Liberty Bell" of the present year is the fourteenth number issued, and so many of the friends of the cause, desirous to make their file complete, have inquired the years of publication, that we take this opportunity to give the history and purpose of this little anti-slavery annual. The first volume, a duodecimo of 100 pages, printed in 1839, should have borne on the title-page the date of 1840, to avoid a seeming break. The second volume bears date 1841, and the series was interrupted till 1850, during which year the publication was omitted, as also in the years 1854 and 1855. It is proposed to continue the publication, for it promotes our principles, by presenting them in an attractive form, adds to the treasurer's receipts, affords an opportunity to eminent writers for an expression of opinion, and furnishes ourselves with a suitable mode of expressing our sense of services rendered in the cause, and of conveying our sense of fraternity with those whose course commands that feeling on our part. Hence no mere indifferent litterateur, however highly gifted, nor any known enemy of the cause or its advocates, has ever been permitted to occupy its pages. Hostility, however cautiously manifested or unwittingly proclaimed, and treachery, however loudly denied, are shut out from this joint work of "the Friends of Freedom"; while every incidental expression of difference in opinions or measures, in the treatment of the subject (unavoidable as the taste of the soil in wines), is gladly hailed as giving zest and variety, and as cherishing liberality of feeling and a sacred respect for the rights of opinion. And here, while we most gratefully accept all the gifts of our friends "of such as they have," we are reminded to make a suggestion which may promote the interests of the cause. It is that gifts of books, to meet a ready sale, should (other things being equal) consist of books of general and not of sectarian interest. Yet biographies of eminent founders of sects, writings of their popular and standard divines, philosophers or historians, good sermons on occasions of great public interest, able treatises on subjects of universal concern, old and curious books, autographs, children's books, the *best* books, in short, of all denominations and of no denomination, will prove saleable; for among our members and our purchasers are persons of all denominations and of no denomination. This year might have been seen upon our book-table a corresponding variety of publications, from Jonathan Edwards's "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God" to the latest productions of Unitarianism, philosophy, or metaphysics. It is not variety, but unsaleableness, that we object to. We must, however, thank the friend who sent us the standard works of the Society of Friends for his very profitable and acceptable donation, as well as the friend in Ohio, who forwarded a most complete little wagon, valued at twenty-five dollars, and sold for that sum, made from conscientious motives on the first day of the week. We are happy to add that our Sabbatarian no less than our anti-Sabbatarian friends respected the donor's conscientiousness, and gratefully accepted, as of special anti-slavery efficacy, this effort to lift human beings from the pit of slavery on the Sabbath day. With the Sabbatarian question in general, we have, as Abolitionists, nothing to do; to the use of the day for the slave's redemption, we can none of us, as such, object. "*Orare est laborare.*"

Among the contributions from abroad was found a sheaf of embossed leaves, bearing the following lines:

"I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty.
I woke, and found that life was duty.
Was thy dream, then, a shadowy lie?
Go on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noon-day light and truth to thee."

These beautiful lines, written by Ellen Hooper (Miss Sturges), went originally from Boston, and were returned to us from Britain; like the winged seed, bearing fruit wherever the chance wind lifts them.

Another of these "leaves of healing" bore the noble expression of the Earl of Carlisle touching American slavery:

"I reserve for the last topic of animadversion the crowning evil—the capital danger—the mortal plague-spot—slavery. Whilst it lasts, it must continue, in addition to the suffering and wrong it entails on the enslaved, to operate with terrible reaction on the dominant class, to blunt the moral sense, sap domestic virtue, degrade independent industry, check the onward march of enterprise, sow the seeds of suspicion, alarm and vengeance, in both internal and external intercourse, distract the national councils, threaten the permanence of the Union, and leave a brand, a by-word and a jest on the name of Freedom."—*The Earl of Carlisle's Lecture on America.*

Such testimonies as this, with the heart-searching one of Mrs. Browning in the "Liberty Bell," do honour to England, and cover a multitude of ignobly selfish sins on the part of some of her sons and daughters, who abjure their individuality and nobility of soul by putting themselves on a level with singing men, singing women, and business travellers; seeking to entertain or be entertained, to gain money or popularity, instead of properly discharging their responsibility as persons of character and consideration.

One word of explanation is due to those who ask—"Where are your home contributions? for all we see seems foreign." It should be remembered that the contributions of some of our Managers are mostly expended abroad, principally on the Continent, and hence are not distinguishable from the foreign contributions; and that others supply the refreshment table, always an indispensable addition to the general arrangements. But special acknowledgments are beside due to the Salem friends, to the Portsmouth friends, to those in Duxbury, Scituate, Oakland, Ohio, Albany, Rochester, Leominster, Hopedale, Manchester, Mass., Portland, Concord, Mass., New Bedford, Hingham, Providence, R. I., Troy, East Hampton, Conn., and Boston. Messrs. Morey and Ober furnished a very profitable table of glass and tin ware, which was highly appreciated.

We must not close our Report without an attempt, at least, to express our gratitude to those who have so essentially helped us in reducing the expenses, decorating the hall, and supplying the refreshment table. We are most truly obliged to Mr. Wellington and friends for the supply and arrangement of Christmas green; to David Middleton, of Andover, for flower seeds; to Edmund Jackson, for $62.50 worth of soap—sold instantly; to Mrs. Watson, for her unequalled bronze leather work; to Mr. Thomas Groom for stationery, and twenty-five copies Hall's Sermons, with twelve Almanacs; to Mr. Marsh and Messrs. Crosby & Nichols for stationery; to Mr. Prentiss for his donation of printed tickets of admission; to Mrs. C. Vinton for milk and cream and loan of tables; to Mrs. Meyer for similar kind accommodation; to Mr. Waterman, for his arrangements for making tea and coffee, with donations of goods; to Mr. Sumner for loan of China ware; to Mr. Ditson for loan of piano forte.

May we be permitted to thank our dear friends Mrs. Brooks, of Concord, and Mrs. D. Ricketson, of New Bedford, for their ample supplies of excellent cake (for part of which poet Cowper's Mrs. Unwin furnished the receipt). To Dr. Whitcomb, and to Messrs. Phillip and Edwin Scarborough, we are greatly indebted for barrels of apples, cheeses, and roasted chickens and turkeys for the refreshment table.

It was once said by a most revered and devoted friend of our Cause—one to whom we pay the passing tribute of saying, that to hers, more than to any other influence, do the true Abolitionists of the United States owe it that there is not a village in Great Britain where their mere names do not secure them sympathy and welcome—we need but name Harriet Martineau—it is somewhere said by her, "it is generally in questionable taste to mention demand and supply and heavenly-mindedness in the same breath." Let her honoured name stand, then, between us and this charge; for it is precisely of this too prevalent earthly-mindedness, the main support of slavery, that we feel impelled to speak before we close. We have been wont to end our reports of the two and twenty previous years with some statement of our objects, our principles and our measures. They are now so well known that we may feel released from such a duty. We need but confidently appeal to the right-minded, the true-hearted, the disinterested, of every land, to take part with us in this inspiring cause. With us, let them avoid pretence; despise hypocrisy; abjure dilletanteism. Let them remember that there is no such distracting variety of schools, branches and parties of Abolitionists to choose from, as they may have been told. Differences there are—but they all resolve themselves into different degrees of disinterestedness; and we dare not invite the fresh volunteer to any but the *unpaid* ranks. No man has a right to dishonour a holy cause by trying to make it a profitable one. He may easily rise to power and place, if he will be perjured—that is one school or branch of Abolition, so called. He may declare the Constitution of the United States anti-slavery—it is a second school of Abolition, of similar value to the Cause. He may protest against the aggressions of the Slave Power upon the rights of the North, or seek to restrict the extension of slavery—this constitutes a third school, having no reference to the liberation of those in bondage. He may attack, upon a dozen different false pretences, the disinterestedness that rebukes his own mean selfishness; and each of these pretences shall be called by the reluctant spirit we are exorcising "a branch" or "school" of Abolition. We lay the axe to the root of all such mischievous growths, and expose all such insane teachings.

"But men may be *sincerely* in the wrong."

We know they may; and it is the shame of our United States Constitution, that its tendency has been, generation after generation, to make men moral dolts, as at first it made their ancestors moral cowards. It is sincerity that brings men into bad company; of sinners, whom their presence not converts, but sanctions.

For our own parts, it is to a companionship of toil and renunciation that we feel morally obliged to invite men; but a cause like this shall strengthen in weakness, comfort in affliction, and steel against calamity. It shall save men from the shame of living on the side of the oppressor, and the ignominy of dying in the silent support of wrong. It shall secure their children from such an inheritance of grief and shame as the remembrance that their parents were drawn into disgraceful sympathy with the enslaver, when the moral battle was fought out in the United States for the freedom of a race and the honour of a nation. And though no selfish inducements exist, we are yet able to assure such as will renounce all part and lot in slavery, whether political, ecclesiastical or social, that no man shall lose friends, or houses, or lands, or business, for right's sake, but shall, in the added vitality and power of his own being, receive a thousand fold of nobler recompense.

Maria Weston Chapman, 6 Chauncy Place.

Boston, Jan. 18, 1856.

MERCHANDISE

Received for the Twenty-Second National A. S. Bazaar.

One box from Leeds, by Wilson Armistead.
One box from Glasgow, by Andrew Paton.
Two boxes from Edinburgh, by Jane Wigham.
One box from Dublin, including Cork and Waterford, by Mrs. Edmundson.
One box from Dublin, by R. D. Webb.
One box from Manchester, including Warrington and Sheffield, by Miss Whitlegge.
One box from Bristol, by Mrs. Thomas.
One box from Perth, by Mrs. Morton.
One box from London, including Upper Clapton and Northfleet, by Mrs. Massie.
Five boxes from France, by Mrs. Chapman and Madame Keller.
One box from Bridgewater, by Mr. Steinthal.
By M. W. C., through Mrs. Alfred Higginson (parcels delivered from Derby, name of donor unknown), one small parcel.
By M. W. C., through R. D. Webb, from Miss Mary Ireland, one braided cushion, one pair lace sleeves (guipure d'Irlande), one set embossed table mats, 1 paper of autographs.

CASH DONATIONS.

Lynn friends, by Ruth Buffum,	$15 00	bury, by F. Jackson,	9 00
Alvan Ward,	2 00	Thomas Brown,	2 00
Elisha Clap,	5 00	Margaret Andrews, and sisters,	6 00
Richard Clap,	10 00	Dr. C. C. Field,	1 00
Rev. Amory Battles,	10 00	Mrs. Mary D. Sprague,	3 00
Ladies in Manchester, Eng., from Mrs. Whitlegge, through P. Pillsbury,		Wilson Armistead, by M. W. C.,	£2 8 0

different individuals. In fact, it could hardly be otherwise, if we believe and obey the testimony of Scripture. All *needful* freedom is allowed. The Bible is opened and read, usually with such remarks *as the presiding brother sees fit*; and, being allowed to speak for itself, its paramount authority is reverenced and regarded as final."

We recollect an instance of what limitation of freedom seems "needful," and what exercise of speech and silence seems "fit," to the ministers, deacons, and deaconish "brethren" who have the supervision of these meetings. In 1851, when Thomas Sims was imprisoned in the Boston barracoon, with the prospect (afterwards unfortunately realized) of being sent back into slavery, a regular attendant at this morning prayer-meeting, finding it customary to suggest special topics of prayer, by little notes handed to the presiding officer, handed the following to the clergyman who that morning occupied the chair.

"The prayers of this congregation are requested in behalf of a brother who is now in imminent danger of being torn away from the religious privileges of Boston, and carried as a slave to Georgia, where the laws forbid him to read the Bible; also, that God would be pleased to arouse the churches of this city to a sense of the duty of *not* delivering again to his master the servant who has escaped from his master unto them."

This note was handed in during the singing of a hymn. The chairman, having hastily glanced over it, beckoned to a deacon who sat near, and, after he also had read it, the two held a brief whispering conference together. The purport of this can be only conjectured, but as the note was not read to the meeting, nor any allusion made either to it or its subject, we may suppose they decided that the poor man who had fallen among thieves belonged to another parish, that they were neither his keepers nor his neighbours, and that the interests of *their* Zion would neither be damaged by his enslavement nor helped by his enfranchisement.

Not choosing, however, to rely wholly upon inferences, the giver of this note asked the chairman, after meeting, why he did not read it. He replied: "It was thought best not to read it. We have had nothing of this sort here for a long time, and just in the peculiar state of things among us now [an effervescence of what *he* called piety] it seemed best not to introduce it." "Is that a good reason for not *praying?*" it was asked. He replied: "We thought it best, all things considered, to hold on upon it." Another pillar of the meeting, who had meanwhile read the note and heard the conversation, here interposed with "You did perfectly right, brother Clarke."

If the cohesive force of the clerical body is such that even Mr. Beecher, Mr. Storrs, and the editors of *The Independent* (who certainly are no friends of slavery) cannot resist it, but must perforce move with its motion, authenticate its action or inaction, and fully recognise even its slaveholding and slave-defending members as "Christian brethren," of course we cannot expect the less enlightened majority to do otherwise. But *why* do not *these* men resist it? They must, one would think, find in themselves some diminution of their ancient cordiality with Joel Parker, and Hubbard Winslow, and Nehemiah Adams. The professional "brother" must now and then stick unpleasantly in their throats, in addressing these men. Why do they flatter them with it at all? Why is it not made plain in their ecclesiastical dealings, as well as in their sermons, lectures and editorials, that they regard anti-slavery as an essential part of religion, and pro-slavery as sufficient proof of want of religion? Will they tell us, or must we be left to conjecture which of the insufficient and disgraceful possible motives is the real and operative one?

We shall have more to say on this subject next week.

THE PENALTY FOR OPPOSING SLAVERY IN KENTUCKY.

An eminent clergyman remarked, not long since, in our hearing, that he never understood Christianity until he studied its history and its precepts in the light of the Anti-Slavery Movement. His experiences as an Abolitionist, even in a Northern city, had done more than all things beside to put him in relations of sympathy with Jesus and his early followers, and to reveal to his understanding and his heart the nature of that love and devotion by which, even in death, they became "more than conquerers" over those who persecuted, betrayed and murdered them. To profess Christianity at the present day involves no sacrifice either of property, reputation or social standing, much less of life; but in the days of the Apostles such a profession required a man to confront persecution, ignominy and death. Christianity, as understood and practically exemplified by the popular American sects, affords no test of character, and the Churches become populous through the accession of those who seek in a "public profession of religion" the worldly advantages which the true Christian, for the truth's sake, sternly resolves to forego. The Anti-Slavery Movement, on the contrary, which seeks to apply the very spirit and principles of Christ to a system of popular iniquity—a system whose chief bulwark is a corrupt and degenerate Church—exposes its advocates to reproach and persecution, and draws a line of separation between those who serve God and those who serve him not. To be an Abolitionist in the United States, and especially at the South, at the present day, is to incur the hatred of all the workers of iniquity, and, not unfrequently, to expose oneself to personal violence and even death. We have an example before us in the following account of the tarring and feathering of a Northern man, at Lexington, Ky., for the crime of writing a letter in opposition to slavery. Lexington, be it remembered, is one of the most wealthy, intelligent, refined and religious of all the cities of the South. In its vicinity resided Henry Clay, whose influence among its inhabitants was unbounded. The letter for writing which Mr. Brady was so barbarously treated we have not seen. The slaveholders of Lexington probably choose that the people of the North should accept their description of its contents rather than that they should be allowed to see and judge of it for themselves. That its descriptions of slavery and of the character of slaveholders were untrue we do not believe. We copy in full the accounts of the outrage as given by two Kentucky journals.

From The Louisville Courier.

An Abolitionist Tarred and Feathered.—The citizens of Lexington were very much incensed on Friday last, upon reading an article published in *The Statesman*, copied from a paper in Oxford, Ohio. It purported to have been written in Lexington, and gave an account of Christmas day in that city, with many violent and false comments upon the institution of slavery in Kentucky. The letter was signed J. B., the initials, as was ascertained, of a person (J. Brady) who had been for some time employed as a teacher in one of the city schools.

Feeling that this man, who had been received and hospitably entertained, was guilty of great wrong in thus calumniating the people and institutions of that section, after night a party of almost two hundred repaired to his lodgings. He was informed of the mission of the company, and, though fearful of the chill night air, could not hesitate accompanying the party. He was conducted to the court-house yard, and there stripped.

A large quantity of pitch had been prepared for the occasion, with the contents of several bags of feathers. The clothing was speedily removed from the body of Brady, and the pitch applied to the thickness of an inch. Then the feathers were nicely planted, and Brady's head shaved close to the scalp, save two locks, near the forehead. He was then set loose, and charged to go and sin no more. More severe punishment (!) would have been administered had it not been for the wife of Brady, a beautiful and estimable lady.

Brady applied to a physician to remove the tar, but it was found utterly impossible. He left on the morning train for Covington and the land of Black Republicans.

From The Lexington Observer.

Lynching.—On Friday night last, a party of men repaired to the residence of Mr. Simeon N. Drake, of this city, and called for Mr. John Brady, who was boarding at the house. Upon his appearance at the door they seized and gagged him, and then, *sans ceremonie*, proceeded to shave his head and to administer a coat of tar and varnish to his face.

The reason for this summary affair is as follows: Mr. Brady, who is, or rather was, the principal of one of our city schools, wrote a letter, a short time ago, to a paper published in Oxford, Ohio, calumnious in its character, and filled with unwarranted and coarse allusions to some of our most esteemed citizens. It related to the institution of slavery, as it exists in this community, and some of the suggestions which it contains are as unique and original as any we have yet seen from the pen of an Abolitionist.

Mr. Brady was not content with denouncing the community in general terms for countenancing slavery, but he saw proper to advise Mr. Berkley, the worthy Rector of the Episcopal Church, to convert his church into a slavery mart, and to sell slaves occasionally for the edification of his congregation. He also denounced others in our midst, although he did not name them personally, and upon the publication of his letter in the *Kentucky Statesman*, great indignation spread throughout the city, and it resulted in the speedy punishment of its author.

We are no especial admirer of the doctrines taught in the school of Judge Lynch, but the action of those who engaged in this matter cannot be condemned. The letter of Mr. Brady is outrageous in its tone and character, and any one who could allow himself to eat the bread, purchased by money drawn from the purses of Kentucky slaveholders, and then wilfully calumniate and defame them, deserved an ignominious expulsion from our midst. This man had been a recipient of public favour and confidence. He had been chosen over residents of Kentucky to a high position in our schools, and was drawing a salary of $1,000 per annum for his services, and for this kindness he returned denunciation and abuse of our citizens generally, and brutal and uncalled for attacks upon some of our most respected fellow-townsmen.

The people of Kentucky, with magnanimity and generosity that is unbounded, take into their confidence those who come into their midst from other States, and trust them as implicitly as they would their own brethren; and too often they meet with a base return. Fairbanks and Miss Webster and Brady and many others that have flourished in our city, are fine specimens of this class. All of them were loaded with favours, and while they luxuriated in prosperity, they were plotting the escape of the slaves of their patrons and penning slanderous epistles, to be read and gloated over by their brother negro-thieves of the North.

It is proper to add that the Common School Committee of the city called Brady before them on Saturday morning, and upon his acknowledging that he wrote the letter, at once dismissed him.

It is not long since Mr. Butler, a Northern gentleman of great worth, for punishing a pupil—a refractory son of a slaveholder—was cruelly murdered in his schoolroom, in Louisville, by the pupil's elder brother. The murderer was tried and acquitted, though no one doubted or pretended to deny that he committed the deed. And now, another Northern school-master has been ignominiously tarred and feathered by, or with the connivance of, the whole population of Lexington, simply for daring to utter his honest sentiments in relation to slavery.

Thus do the slaveholders array themselves against the liberty of speech and the press, and by the terrors of Lynch law seek to enforce silence upon all who witness the cruelties they inflict upon their victims. The instigators of such outrages, or those who connive at them, are made welcome to Northern pulpits and communion-tables.

Since the above was in type, we have been furnished with that portion of Mr. Brady's letter which was deemed offensive by the people of Lexington, and, as we anticipated, we find that it is creditable to him both in spirit and language. After describing a Christmas sermon, Mr. Brady, writing to his friend in Oxford, Ohio, proceeded as follows:

Curiosity at beholding a crowd so much denser than at the church, attracted my attention, and led me to halt a moment, when lo! there came to my ears the hoarse notes of an auctioneer, selling a fellow-creature, a human being, to the highest bidder.

Never were my feelings so much shocked. Though I had before witnessed the horrid spectacle of the sale of a human being, yet, upon this day, commemorative of such an event as can never be known again upon earth—the birth of the immaculate and only son of God—and after such a discourse as that to which we had just listened, to witness a deed so revolting at any time to the feelings of any one in the least degree imbued with Christian philanthropy, and so contradictory of every precept of Him for whom the day had been named, it was really shocking beyond description, and to hear the auctioneer crying, with stentorian voice, "only $1,285 is bid for this boy," "a fine likely nigger going for $1,285," "must be sold to the highest bidder." It disgusted and shocked me beyond measure. It was almost enough to make one ashamed that he belonged to a race of beings that could so prey upon their species.

Oh! how I wished for a Paul to stand up before them, at the entrace of this temple, and "reason to them," as to Felix, "of righteousness, of temperance and of judgment to come." Like Felix, they must have "trembled" at his reasoning, but, like him, those who could be guilty of such an act of inhumanity, with all the light of the nineteenth century beaming upon them, would probably answer, "Go thy way for this time; when I have no more slaves to sell, I will call for thee." J. B.

Mr. Brady's own account of the outrage differs materially from that of the Kentucky journals above quoted. It would seem that they, proud of the victory won by the people of Lexington over *one* unarmed and defenceless opponent of slavery, and anxious at once to excite the admiration of slaveholders and terrify the Abolitionists, were induced to exaggerate the story of the mobocratic achievement. Mr. Brady's report of the affair is as follows:

On Friday night last (Jan. 11th), about 9 o'clock, while he was at his rooms in the house of a friend, there was a knock at the door and a coloured boy appeared, and said that the Chairman of the School Committee wished to see Mr. Brady. Mr. Brady thought the summons strange, and unsuspectingly went to the door, when he was seized and dragged through the front yaid to the street, there being not more than seven or eight persons engaged in the work of violence. He was amazed, and could not think but that he was the victim of some queer practical joke, yet he did not know who would presume to take such liberties with him. When he was in the street, he was thrown down, and then began to call for help, when one of the ruffians told him if he did not shut his mouth his throat would be cut. He still continued to shout for assistance, however, and was then severely choked.

No one answered his cries for help, and some of the hair was torn from his scalp, and then a small quantity of black paint was poured over his head. This ran down and stained his face, and to some extent soiled his clothes, which were also considerably torn in the scuffle. But he was not stripped, nor was his head shaved; neither was he tarred, and not a feather was used. As the party were leaving him, he asked what he had done that he should be treated in that manner, and he was told: "You wrote that Oxford letter!" Such was the revelation to him of his great crime. On returning to the house he discovered that his pocket-book was gone, and he was personally in a deplorable condition. He was almost speechless from the terrible choking he had suffered, and his jaw was dislocated, and pained him excessively. His face was also scratched in places, and the villanous compound was dreadfully disagreeable. *He* sent for a physician; and the stain is removed from his face and head, while only a hoarseness indicates the severity of the ruffianly treatment of his throat.

The Lexington *Observer*, whose account of the outrage is given above, is the leading journal of that place—the organ, *par excellence*, of its wealth and its piety. We may assume, therefore, that however small the number of persons engaged in the mob, it was approved by the great body of citizens; and this view of the case is confirmed by the fact that Mr. Brady was summarily turned out of his school and compelled to flee from the place.

DEATH OF WM. H. ASHURST, ESQ.

A letter in the last *Liberator*, from Mrs. Biggs, a daughter of Wm. H. Ashurst, makes the sad announcement of the death of that excellent man. He died, it seems, in November last, so that the event, if it has been noticed in our English exchanges, as undoubtedly it has, has been overlooked by us. Otherwise we should have sooner offered our tribute of respect to the memory of a man whom the advocates of the anti-slavery cause have so much reason to honour and respect, and for whom we had so warm a personal regard.

The readers of the *Liberator* were familiar, until quite recently, with Mr. Ashurst, under the name of Edward Search. His letters were as modest in their tone as in the name which he chose to affix to them, but were always characterized by their strong good sense, by their originality, their freedom from every species of cant, their love of truth, and earnestness of tone. Under the same signature he has long been accustomed to write at home, and by his writings and his personal influence and efforts, has done more than most men to advance the various practical important reforms by which his time is distinguished. The Postage reform in Great Britain has given a world-wide reputation to Rowland Hill as one of the benefactors of the age. In his useful, and, at length, triumphant labours, Mr. Ashurst was his second; and to him, next to Hill, if not equally with that distinguished man, is due the introduction of a system which has been productive of so much good at home, and which will, no doubt, eventually be the model for that department of Government wherever the post is known.

So in every other good work has he been equally zealous. He was a liberal in his politics and his theology, and every movement, whether at home or abroad, that promised to benefit the human race, had his hearty support. In his house the friendless and needy exile whom oppression had driven from his own country, found a welcome, and, if need be, a home; and the man who wanted aid or comfort in any good cause, or who needed succour when he had failed in its advocacy, or subjected himself to persecution for his earnestness, was sure to find in Mr. Ashurst a ready and a steady friend. The anti-slavery cause has always enlisted his warmest sympathies. A fugitive slave never appealed to him in vain. He delighted to know and to extend his generous hospitality to the American Abolitionist, and those of them who were present at the exciting scenes of the World's Convention of 1840, will not forget the earnest and manly way, and the clear and eloquent words, in which he rebuked the narrow sectarianism of the managers of that meeting.

Mr. Ashurst's social and professional position was a high one. As a lawyer he was greatly respected, and especially in ecclesiastical law was considered as an authority. Indeed, his clear and logical mind, and his great industry and perseverance would have been sure to have won distinction in any walk of life, as his urbanity, his gentle breeding and kindness of heart secured for him the love of all who came into personal relations with him.

The closing scene of his useful life is thus given in the letter of his daughter, Mrs. Biggs, to Mr. Garrison:

"A painful duty devolves upon me—to inform you of the death of my dear honoured father, W. H. Ashurst. He died at my brother's house about eight weeks since, but illness and much occupation have prevented my writing to you earlier. His death was very sudden and unexpected, although his strength had been failing since his return from America, and the loss of my dear mother was a shock from which he never entirely rallied. During the last few months, he had lost his interest in life and life's business, and, worn down by physical pain and depression of spirits, desired death earnestly. On the morning of the last day, he arose as usual for a few hours, and my sister, finding him moderately easy, left him for an hour or two, to fulfil an engagement. A short time afterwards, while leaning on his hand at the table, in pain, he turned suddenly to his nurse, sitting in the room, and, his eye shining intensely bright, exclaimed, 'All is over, Osman!' and sank gently to the floor. He lived a few moments longer, but without consciousness or apparent suffering. His countenance after death assumed so calm and happy an expression, with a look of such lofty vigour and tranquility, that all who saw him felt comforted and reverential. It was an expression which had not been for many years, but recognised by old friends who remembered him in the days of his strength and energy, ere his face was shadowed and saddened by his long and severe sufferings."

THE BIBLE AND ITS PERVERTERS.

Gerrit Smith, in a recent letter to Elizabeth Cady Stanton, on the subject of Woman's Rights, makes the following observations upon the Bible and those who "torture its pages" to support almost every form of popular wickedness. Coming from one whose love and reverence for the Scriptures as an inspired volume are unquestionable, they may have weight with some who would hardly listen patiently to such sentiments if uttered by any other than an orthodox man.

"Alas, how misapprehended are the true objects and true uses of the Bible! That blessed book is given to us not so much that we may be taught by it what to do as that we may be urged by its solemn and fearful commands, and won by its melting entreaties, to do what we already know we should do. Such, indeed, is the greatest value of its recorded fact that Jesus Christ died to save us from our sins. We already know that we should repent of our sins and put them away; and it is this fact which furnishes our strongest possible motive for doing so. But men run to the Bible professedly to be taught their duty in matters where their very instincts—where the laws written in large, unmistakable, ineffaceable letters upon the very foundations of their being—teach them their duty. I say *professedly*—for generally it is only so. They run to the Bible not to learn the truth, but to make the Bible the minister of folly and sin. They run from themselves to the Bible, because they can more easily succeed in twisting its records into the service of their guilty passions and guilty purposes than they can their inflexible convictions. They run to the Bible for a paramount authority that shall override and supplant these uncomfortable convictions. They run from the teachings of their nature and the remonstrances of their conscience to find something more palatable. Hence, we find the rum-drinker and slaveholder and polygamist and other criminals going to the Bible. They go to it for the very purpose of justifying their known sins. But not only may we not go to the Bible to justify what we ourselves have already condemned, but we must not take to the judicature of that book, as an open question, any of the wrongs against which nature and common sense cry out—any of the wrongs which nature and common sense call on us to condemn. We must never go to the Bible to learn whether its principles justify such abominations as rum-drinking, and slavery, and polygamy—unless, indeed, it be for the purpose of obtaining more proofs of the character of the Bible—more means for trying its claims to our confidence. In other words, if we may ever take such crimes to the Bible, it must be, not for the purpose of trying the moral character of the crimes—for that we know already—but for the purpose of trying the moral character of the Bible.

"So fraught with evil and ruinous evil is this practice, on the part even of the Church as well as the world, of inquiring the judgment of the Bible in regard to sins which the natural and universal conscience condemns, but which the inquirer means to persist in, if only he can get the Bible to testify against his conscience and in favour of his sins—so baleful, I say, is this practice, as to drive me to the conclusion that the Bible cannot continue to be a blessing to mankind, in spite of it. The practice, in its present wide and well-nigh universal extent, turns the heavenly volume into a curse. Owing to this practice, the Bible is, this day, a hindrance rather than a help to civilization. I cheerfully and gratefully own that the world is indebted to it for the best forms of civilization which the world has ever known. But these forms can be improved no farther if the Bible continues to be abused in the way we speak of. Indeed, there is great danger that this abuse, growing fast as is natural, will, ere long, turn back into a rapid retrograde movement the highest civilizations of our age. European civilization far surpasses Greek or Roman civilization. But if the bloody hand of war shall be allowed to direct the mighty machinery of European civilization, this very civilization, advanced as it is (and all the more because so advanced), will but serve to hurry Europe back to barbarism. And why will it not be allowed to direct that mighty machinery, if Europe shall continue to believe in the Bible, and to ask the Bible to indorse the crime of war? It is the Bible too, or, properly speaking, what its authoritative interpreters, and the great men in the State as well as in the Church, make of it, that upholds American slavery. Common sense and common humanity would conquer this abomination in a twelvemonth, but for this satanically-interpreted book. Infidel France abolished slavery. But the right hand of America is still busy in forging fetters for the slave, because in her left hand is the Bible. Were she to let it drop with all its pro-slavery interpretations, the slave would quickly go free. So, too, the Bible, made to give such answers as a wine-drinking clergy would have it give, is by far the greatest obstacle in the way of the Temperance Reformation. Simple reason, had it not to encounter the selfish and sensual and superstitious interpretations of the Bible, would be effectual to crown this Reformation with a speedy triumph. But this triumph must necessarily be held back as long as supreme authority is accorded to these interpretations. To hope to get rid of our slavery and our intemperance, whilst we allow them shelter in the Bible, and acknowledge the supremacy of the Bible, is as absurd as to hope that the Mormons will put away polygamy, in defiance of their religious faith."

Presidential Manners.—The Washington correspondent of *The Herald* informs us that President Pierce took the occasion afforded by the presence of Hon. John P. Hale at his levee, on the 18th inst., to offer an insult to that gentleman on account of his caustic review of the President's Message. The following is the writer's account of the matter:

"At the President's levee, on Friday evening last, a scene was enacted which was not in the bill. Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, who had taken occasion a short time since to lampoon the President most unmercifully, from his seat in the Senate, called with thousands of others, to pay his respects to the chief magistrate. With his face wreathed in smiles and a lovely woman on his arm, he approached his Excellency in the blue room, in the presence of a crowd of spectators. Mr. President received the lady with marked courtesy, but having done so, he wheeled upon his heel with the most perfect *nonchalance*—right about face—presenting the New Hampshire Senator with a full view of his back. Here was a tableau worthy of the artist's pencil. 'Gloriously done,' exclaimed Colonel Forney, who had been watching the movements of the *dramatis personæ*."

Whatever may be thougnt of the propriety of Mr. Hale's proffered courtesy to the President, in view of the language he had applied to him in the Senate, there can be but one opinion as to the conduct of the President toward him, and that is that it was eminently disgraceful, showing him to be as destitute of the characteristics of a gentleman as he is known to be of the qualities of a statesman.

Hayti.—Advices from Port-au-Prince to Jan. 1st confirm the previous reports of the defeat of the Emperor Faustin and his army in their effort to conquer the independent Republic established some years since on the eastern side of the island. The invading force consisted of 30,000 men, and their defeat was attended with a loss of between 200 and 300 soldiers and many of the best officers, together with all their munitions of war, provisions, and the Emperor's military chest, containing all the funds intended for the prosecution of the war. Faustin had escaped from the battle-field, but his place of refuge was unknown, and Gen. Santander had offered a reward of 10,000 doubloons for his head. So great was the feeling against him that it was the general opinion of the inhabitants of Port-au-Prince that if his Majesty escaped falling into the hands of the Spaniards he would be shot by his own people.

The Slave Trade in New York.—The trial of Mr. Echeverria, in the U. S. District Court, upon the charge of fitting out the Mary Jane Peck as a slaver ended, as we expected it would, in his acquittal. We do not say that he was guilty, but we do say that the evidence introduced in the course of the trial showed very clearly that vessels may be and probably are very often fitted out as slavers in this port in such a way as to enable the scoundrels engaged in the nefarious business to escape all responsibility. The facilities for the business are unquestionable, and no well-informed citizen doubts that they are frequently employed. So long as public opinion tolerates slavery itself and the domestic traffic connected therewith, laws against the foreign trade must necessarily be a farce.

The Little Pilgrim.—We invite particular attention to the advertisement, in another column, of that charming periodical for children, *The Little Pilgrim*. There is no better juvenile paper in the country, and we only wish that our hearty commendation might increase its circulation by thousands.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

Philadelphia, January 21, 1856.

Seven weeks have elapsed since Congress met, and still the House is without a Speaker; and more than that, the prospect of electing one is as distant as ever. Well, I, for one, have no objections. I am still of the opinion that it is as innocent a way as any in which that by no means innocuous body could spend its time. There is no knowing how much mischief it might have done by this time if it had been organized. The adoption of the plurality rule is, I suppose, the only mode by which a Speaker can be elected, and this the Democrats and "South Americans" will not consent to do, at least as long as Mr. Banks is the Free Soil candidate. Cobb and others have expressed themselves to this effect, and I presume they will stick to their purpose, and I shall be agreeably disappointed if they do not carry it. The election of Banks, under the circumstances, would be to the Slave Power an ominous defeat. He stands out as the avowed enemy of slavery, and its opponent to the extent of his constitutional power. He embodies and represents the Northern, anti-slavery, anti-slave State ides, and his election would be an indisputable triumph of the advocates of that policy. The slaveholders cannot consent to any measure that would be likely to lead to his election. I am not anticipating any such result, therefore, though, if it should come, I should hail it with great pleasure.

It must be confessed that Mr. Banks has borne himself well in this contest, and his coadjutors have stood up to his support, and to the maintenance of their own avowed principles, in a way to do themselves credit and to inspire the friends of Liberty with new hope. For fifty days has the phalanx of Freedom withstood the hosts of the Slave Power, and on their own ground. Neither blandishments nor threats have as yet been able to corrupt them or turn them from their purpose. Thanks to them for their fidelity. Still heartier thanks to their constituents who sent them there and require this at their hands. Homage, still more profound, to the anti-slavery sentiment, pure and unadulterated, which has permeated the community, and is manifesting itself in these out-croppings on the southern edge of Freedom's widening circle. This resistance of the 95 Representatives at Washington to the usurpations and further progress of slavery comes of the machinery put in motion by the Abolitionists, and of the agitation which they have kept up. The action of Congress is interesting, not because anything directly effective, in the way of anti-slavery, is to be expected from it, but because it serves to show the condition and prospects of the cause throughout the country. The existence of an anti-slavery plurality in the House is cheering, not because it is a power in itself, but because it is a sign of power elsewhere. This plurality will directly grow into a majority; and though that majority will be able to do nothing toward the abolition of slavery, it will prove the existence of a power behind it that will either utterly abolish the system or free one-half of the country from its guilt and pollution.

Congress, like other representative bodies in this country, is useful as a sort of *abolition-ometer*. It measures the state and progress, the advances and recessions (if it makes any recessions) of the anti-slavery movement. Twenty years ago, there was only one man in the House of Representatives to raise his voice against the evils of the slave system. There are now a hundred who go as far as the "old man eloquent" in the views which he advocated on this subject. Twenty years ago, there was not a single man in the Senate to utter a word of apology for the friends of Freedom; now the ablest men in that body, the most distinguished and most powerful, advocate doctrines for the utterance of which Abolitionists used to be persecuted and spurned.

In speaking of Congress as a sign, I do not mean to imply that it is nothing more than a sign. It not only indicates the progress of our cause, but it aids very materially to help it forward. This it does not by acts of legislation, but by moral agitation. Our Senate and House are two debating societies, in the latter of which the question of slavery is always in order. "Mr. Speaker," said a member in Committee of the whole, "the bill to provide new post roads being before us, I wish to give my views at length on the subject of slavery." Every question that comes before the House involves the previous one of slavery; or rather—for the less cannot include the greater—every question finds itself involved in and entangled with that of slavery, and the only way to get at the solution of the one is through the discussion of the other. In these debates the Southern men rehearse, with additions and exaggerations, the doctrines and arguments of Mr. Calhoun, and the Northern men repeat, with diminutions and variations, the statements and logic of Wm. Lloyd Garrison. Every year these "diminutions" are diminishing, and I regard the time as near at hand when we shall have on the floor of the House good downright, upright Garrisonian abolitionism uttered with a will and stuck to with a purpose. Indeed, we have that now sometimes, when that brave old champion, Joshua R. Giddings, takes the floor, or when Senator Wade and others like him forget for the while what they owe to the Constitution.

Now, as to whether Mr. Banks shall be elected Speaker or not, though I feel very much interested in the question, I am under no concern for the result so far as it concerns the cause. Our movement may make some additional progress if he should be elected; but it cannot suffer any particular detriment if he should be defeated. The anti-slavery power will have to do as the locomotives do in the snow drifts—draw back, put on fresh steam and make a new rush. This process, patiently repeated, will put it through. All we have to do is to keep on the track and keep up a good head of steam.

Our Anti-Slavery Course of Lectures is doing well. Theodore Parker gave us a great discourse. It was powerful in its facts, reasonings and illustrations. Mr. Parker has wonderful force and felicity of statement, and his utterances, earnest, emphatic, unquestionable, make a deep impression. On the point of Disunion, I think he is lame; but even here he does good service to the true doctrine. He sails under the flag of the Union, but he pours heavy broadsides into the Constitution. He seems to stand guard on the walls of the national compact, but he gives aid and comfort to those who are without; while within he is laying a mine to blow up the citadel. I regard him as an effective coadjutor of the Disunionists, working inside the ramparts.

Mrs. Jones, of Salem, Ohio, delivered the third lecture of our course. It was one of the ablest addresses I have yet heard from any one of her sex: and this is saying a good deal for one who has listened to Mrs. Mott, Miss Grew, Mrs. Foster, Lucy Stone, and other "chief women not a few." Mrs. Jones's address was a clear, well-methodized statement of the anti-slavery doctrines, and a vigorous exposition and defence of our measures. Though in no respect of style or delivery unfeminine, it had none of that peculiar *femininity* which those who don't know any better imagine must belong to all such efforts on the part of a woman.

It is wonderful how fast the public are becoming reconciled to this daring innovation upon usage, of women speaking in public. I should not wonder if, after awhile, the people should come to look upon it as just as much a matter of course as they do upon the exercise of royal sovereignty by the Queen of England. That is an extreme of woman's rights which, in this country, I don't think we shall be soon prepared for. We are a fast people, but I think it will be a long time before we shall be ready for a lady Presidentess who shall be comander-in-chief of the army and navy. In this respect, our conservative cousins on the other side of the ocean are likely to be a long time in advance of us, and so, also, I might add, are likely to be their more anti-progressive friends, the old Castilians. But perhaps any allusion to Isabella, in this connection, would damage the argument—that lady, though Queen of Spain, being by no means like Cæsar's wife. But, one of the evils of a good cause is that it often has to carry upon its shoulders the burden of unworthy representatives.

Our next lecture is to be by Wendell Phillips. It is to be delivered on Saturday evening, 2d of February. Of course we are expecting a great treat. Any person—if any there should be—within accessible distance, either in town or country, who can and yet will not attend that lecture, will do himself a great act of injustice, and miss the enjoyment of a great pleasure.

Apart from these lectures, we are jogging on at the usual gait. Our Legislature has elected Ex-Governor Bigler to the United States Senate, in place of Senator Cooper, whose term had expired. Mr. Bigler is not a bad sort of man for a Pennsylvania Democratic politician, though that is not saying much in his favour. He would rather do right than wrong, if it were expedient—that is, if it would promote his own and his party's interests. He is a Buchanan man, and avows his purpose to do all he can to elect the "favourite son" to the Presidency.

Our Anti-Nebraska deputation in Congress are doing quite well and are entitling themselves to credit. Mr. Hiekman voted for the adoption of the plurality rule, and strong hopes are entertained that he will yet be found supporting the sentiments and carrying out the views of his constituents.

The Underground Railroad is doing a more active business than ever before. The more efforts the slaveholders make to stop the leaks of their system, the more they don't succeed. New tracks have been laid, and this peculiar species of property is now flying to Canada, "as a cloud and as doves to their windows." They are actually trooping across Pennsylvania in scores. Some of them are fine fellows, and their deeds of daring to secure their freedom are truly astonishing. One was lately passed through whose story I have just been listening to. His master had sold his wife and four children. He was in despair. He resolved to be free or die; and he did not much care which. He lived on the other side of the Potomac. On Christmas night—that dark, stormy, rainy, terrible night—he jumped on a horse, and, though unable to swim himself, he plunged into the swollen rapid current and swam the horse to the other shore. He rode forty miles, and his horse then broke down. His clothes were frozen on his person and he almost perished. He walked two days and nights before he found food or shelter. At last he fell in with a good Samaritan, who ministered to his wants and forwarded him on his way.

Since then, a company of six passed through; four men and two women, all well armed. They came off in state, having, in imitation of the Israelites in their *stampede* under Moses, "borrowed" of the slaveholders horses and wagon, and other facilities for expeditious and safe travelling. They were stopped on the other side of the border, by a party of Marylanders, but the display which they all made simultaneously, men and women, of pistols and knives, exerted such a strong moral influence that they were allowed to pass without further hindrance. They, soon after, left their horses and wagon and took to their feet; and though they suffered excessively from cold and exposure, they reached a place of safety without receiving any permanent injury.

These are specimens of what is now going on all the time. You see that the Virginia Legislature has a bill before it for the purpose of arresting the "abduction" of slaves. The bill makes the offence a capital one, and admits the testimony of negroes against the accused. But it's of no use. The more they try to stop the flight of their slaves, the more they'll run away. The best thing they can do is to say nothing about it; but that will not answer. Not until they pay them fair wages for their work can they hope to retain them in their service.

Speaking of pistols suggests Sharp's rifles, and that reminds me to say that Mr. Sharp, the inventor of this famous weapon, is a resident of this city. He is—I am informed—an ardent spiritualist, and believes that his rifle is going to be instrumental in ushering in the millenium. It is rather an odd way of making the lion and the lamb lie down together, but, judging of its effect on the "border ruffians," I should say that, in certain contingencies, it might be very useful. M.

ANTI-SLAVERY TRACTS.

The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society have issued the following Tracts for gratuitous distribution:

No. 1. The United States Constitution, Examined.
No. 2. White Slavery in the United States.
No. 3. Colonization. By Rev. O. B. Frothingham.
No. 4. Does Slavery Christianize the Negro? By Rev. T. W. Higginson.
No. 5. The Inter-State Slave Trade. By John G. Palfrey.
No. 6. The "Ruin" of Jamaica. By Richard Hildreth.
No. 7. Revolution the only Remedy for Slavery.
No. 8. To Mothers in the Free States. By Mrs. E. L. Follen.
No. 9. Influence of Slavery upon the White Population. By a Lady.
No. 10. Slavery and the North. By C. C. Burleigh.
No. 11. Disunion our Wisdom and our Duty. By Rev. Charles E. Hodges.
No. 12. Anti-Slavery Hymns and Songs. By Mrs. E. L. Follen.
No. 13. The Two Altars; or, Two Pictures in One. By Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe.
No. 14. "How Can I Help to Abolish Slavery?" or, Counsels to the Newly Converted. By Maria W. Chapman.
No. 15. What have we, as Individuals, to do with Slavery? By Susan C. Cabot.
No. 16. The American Tract Society; and its Policy of Suppression and Silence. Being the Unanimous Remonstrance of the Fourth Congregational Society, Hartford, Ct.
No. 17. The God of the Bible Against Slavery. By Rev. Charles Beecher.

All donations for the Tract Fund, or for the circulation of any particular Tract of the above series, should be sent to Francis Jackson, Treasurer of the American Anti-Slavery Society, 21 Cornhill, Boston.

Fifty dollars will stereotype an eight-page tract, and print *five thousand copies of it.*

Application for the above Tracts, for gratuitous distribution, should be made to Samuel May, Jr., 21 Cornhill, Boston; to the Anti-Slavery Offices, 138 Nassau street, New York, and 31 North Fifth street, Philadelphia; to Joel McMillan, Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio; or to Jacob Walton, Jr., Adrian, Michigan.

Summary.

A Woman Hanged.—A coloured woman, named Celia, was hanged on the 21st ult., at Fulton, Me., for the murder of Robert Newsome, whose slave she was in June last. The evening preceding her execution she made a full confession of her crime.

Negro Stampede.—We understand that one of our citizens received a despatch from Natchez yesterday, giving an account of the escape from that city of forty negroes. It is conjectured that they were carried off by some up-river boat, in the hands of Abolitionists or negro thieves.—*Memphis Appeal, Dec.* 21.

Miss Murray's New Book in Defence of Slavery in the United States.—We are advised that the Queen would not see her maid of honour, Miss Murray, upon her return from the United States, and signified to her that if she published a defence of Slavery, she must resign her place. Miss Murray has done so, and is no longer a member of the royal household. —*Evening Post.*

The Fillibusters Indicted.—In the U. S. Circuit Court, on Tuesday, the Grand Jury brought into Court indictments against the following persons, for setting on foot a military expedition for the invasion of Nicaragua: Daniel H. Dillingham, Secretary to P. H. French; Addison Farnsworth, George B. Hall, Andrew J. Morrison, Francis O'Keefe, Joseph R. Male, John Creighton, Chas. Walters and Wm. Lyster.

Shocking.—The *Baltimore Patriot*, in describing the condition of the Maryland State Prison, says:

"The female convicts present the shocking spectacle of a lawless gang of the most degraded of human beings, setting at defiance, in a great degree, the authority of both Warden and Matron, and, for want of suitable cells where the greater offenders can be put away into solitary punishment, *the* lash *is the only punishment.*"

Mr. John G. Saxe failed to meet an engagement to lecture in Albany the other evening, in consequence of the snow storm and the slow rate of speed on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, for which he was slightly censured by the *Albany Evening Journal*. Thereupon the Burlington poet wrote a note of explanation, in which, with characteristic humour, he says—"I had no motive to break the engagement, and every motive except a *loco*-motive to keep it."—*Bost. Post.*

The *Boston Journal* of Friday mentions a rumour from a source which entitles it to credit, that ex-Governor Baker of New Hampshire is to be appointed Governor of Kansas in place of Gov. Shannon, who is now on his way to Washington, for the purpose, it is stated, of resigning his commission. Gov. Baker has recently sold his property in Concord, N. H., with the idea of removing to the West. He was in Boston on Thursday on his way to Washington.

The Owner of a Thousand Slaves.—The richest Member of the present Congress is Wm. Aiken of South Carolina. His property is valued at $2,000,000, including over *one thousand negroes!* What a commentary on Republican institutions! The largest owner of slaves in the country occupies a seat in Congress, and makes laws for freemen. It is such glaring inconsistencies as this that make Europeans mock at our Republican Government. They cannot see how supporters of the vilest slavery in the world can be honest in their "patriotic" speeches for Freedom and Equality.—*Woonsocket Patriot.*

The Prize Awarded.—The prize of $100, offered by our friend Major McFarland, of Washington, Pa., for the best Anti-Slavery Sabbath School book, has been awarded to Mrs. Marin Goodell Frost, of Janesville, Wisconsin. This lady, we presume, is a daughter of Wm. Goodell, of New York. Her manuscript is entitled "

Miscellaneous Department.

AN INSIDE VIEW OF SLAVERY.*

When the Rev. Dr. Adams, of Boston, wrote and published his "South-Side View of Slavery" he meant it should be the fair side also—fair, at least, in the sense of comity, if not fair in the sense of honesty. But this inside view of a Medical Doctor reveals to us, if we did not know it before, what the Doctor of Divinity could have seen, and, without doubt, would have seen, had he been so minded. Perhaps one difference between the two men is a difference in the power of seeing; but the substantial difference, in this case, was a difference of intention. One went to see slavery as it really is; the other went to see it as he hoped to find it. The first looked at it for himself, in the field, in the street, in the kitchen. The last preferred to take his view of it from the parlour-window, reflected from a *Claude Lorraine* Glass of Southern hospitality. The Doctor of Medicine had no cause to subserve but the cause of truth; the Doctor of Divinity had quite another purpose; for if he should find slavery to be the terrible and inhuman system which fanatical people have so long declared it, what would become of the professedly Christian character of the Church, and its ministers? The inside view is really one from within; the South-Side is one not merely from without but from that side where the wall is the highest, and where the guard is most vigilant to keep off intruders.

Such a book as this of "The Inside View," deserves something more than a meager notice in the columns of an Anti-Slavery journal. Such facts as it reveals are the warp and woof of anti-slavery agitation, and the best justification of that, as well as the best commentary upon the character of the book itself, are large extracts from its pages. The present No. of the *Standard*, as it contains the Report of the National Bazaar Committee, will be circulated widely in Great Britain and Ireland, and we are sure that this portion of the paper can be put to no better purpose than to lay before its readers this terrible picture of American Slavery as drawn by one who saw with his own eyes the things which he places before ours. Of course, it should be remembered that we give here only extracts, and those taken, in some degree, to suit the space we are able to devote to them, and that we by no means exhaust the significance and the evidence of the whole book. It abounds with testimony quite as important, as conclusive, and as horrible as anything we have room for.

Can such things be true? Can it be, that in a land which vaunts itself of its freedom, its civilization, and its Christianity, a state of society exists which can tolerate such things as these? The only answer that need be made is, that slavery exists here, and the rest follows—nay, *must* follow. "We have in this book," says Mrs. Stowe, in her introduction, "the simple, straight-forward narrative of an impartial witness, whose relationships and business brought him into intimate connections with all the phases of Southern society. . . . . It appears to be candid and fair in its spirit—to extenuate nothing, nor set down aught in malice—and the facts carry their own authentication with them." And it may be added that no man who has ever resided in the Southern States of the Union long enough to become familiar with the condition of society around him, and who has kept his eyes unsealed, and his heart open, can fail to bear his testimony to the essential truth of every fact and incident related by Dr. Parsons. We take these extracts not always consecutively, as they stand here, but at random, as they happen to suit our purpose.

HOW SLAVES ARE FED.

I SPENT a few days near a large plantation in the country, whose owner had five hundred slaves; and I had free access to their huts. They were never required to labour hard, as the master only desired to make the plantation support itself. His only profit was the increase of the slaves, which amounted sometimes to twenty-five thousand dollars a year. But though the slaves were not overtasked, they were provided with only a peck of corn a week. His overseer was ordered to procure coarse waled cloth enough to make each of them two garments a year. Hats and shoes were provided in winter for the wood-choppers and fence-builders, but for no others. The whole expense for food and clothing, reckoning the price of the corn and cloth at the market value, could not have exceeded ten dollars to each slave.

There was very little labour done on that plantation. One Northern man would perform as much as five of those slaves. And yet I never saw a more miserable, degraded, despairing family of human beings. Debts, taxes, and expenses of all kinds were paid by the sale of slaves, and the "soul driver" was an almost weekly visitor. There was not an unbroken family among them—not even parents and children living together, excepting the mothers who were nursing their infants.

I frequently saw those mothers take their infants and their corn cake, at the sound of the horn at day break, and march in slow and solemn procession to the corn-fields. When they reached the place where they left their hoes the evening before, a long distance from the huts—as the fields near by had been worn out—they laid their infants down in the "gum cradles"—troughs cut in logs—and each one hoed a long row out and back in season to nourish the infants and eat the dinner-cake at noon. Then they hoed two more rows before returning to the cheerless huts, to rest their weary limbs at night. When they reached the huts, they took one quart of corn each, and putting it into a mortar—made by themselves by burning a hole into the end of a pine log—they pounded it into coarse meal with a wooden or iron pestle. After this they put one third of it into the kettle, and boiled it for supper, and then kneaded the remainder into a cake, and put it into the embers to be baked for breakfast and dinner the next day. They then laid down on the ground—as the huts had no floors—and slept, some on a few filthy old rags, others, on a thin layer of rice straw, until the horn called them again to perform their daily round of cheerless toil. One look at those slaves—and they had a kind master, if by kindness is only meant not to whip, or overtask—would have been sufficient to convince any Northern man that happiness is incompatible with such a condition.

When provisions are very scarce the slaves suffer much from hunger on some of the large plantations. "I have known slaves to suffer so much from hunger," said a gentleman to me residing in a place called "Cave Run," South Carolina, "that they were accustomed to cat unclean beasts, and birds, fish, insects, and reptiles. I have known them to eat alligators, crows, owls, &c., and other things that nobody would eat if sufficient wholesome food could be obtained to keep them from starvation!"

"The dogs," he added, "fare better than the slaves, with some masters—because whipping will not prevent the dog from stealing sheep, or fowls, when he is hungry."

"When I was a small boy," said a faithful slave belonging to J. R., of Cave Run, "I was set to cooking alligators for master's hounds, and an old slave woman frequently came to me to beg some of the cooked alligator to eat. She would say she was hungry—and I could not refuse her some dogs' meat."

"It was quite a large business," he continued, "to cook for thirty dogs; and it had to be done in style. I was often whipped for letting the dogs' dinner burn, or for letting them steal their food between meals—although I was not allowed to whip them—or for not having enough cooked ready for them when they would come home unexpectedly from a chase. And many a time have I wished I had been made a dog, instead of a slave, when I saw how much better the dogs fared than the slaves, and felt how much more kind their masters were to them than to me, and how much better they were treated in every respect than I was. It may seem strange to you, master, but *I envied the dog his condition!*"

TORTURES.

In relation to the punishments to which slaves are exposed, and often subjected, it is not my purpose to give any detailed account. Occasional instances came under my notice, which I have narrated, in connection with other incidents. In this manner the reader may learn the facts quite as correctly, and much more agreeably to himself, than he could by perusing an entire chapter of sufferings and tortures. It is enough for any one who understands anything of human nature to know that the slave is helpless, powerless, unprotected, in the hands of his master. Admitting that slaveholders are no worse than other men—it cannot be otherwise than true that their slaves often suffer terribly. The same number of Northern men, if they had the same power over their fellow-creatures, if there were no restraints in society around them upon their passions—their anger, malice, revenge, cupidity, lust—would exhibit a degree of depravity of which we have now no conception.

I will, however, give a brief description of the instruments of torture which are in common use in the South. In this department the slaveholders exhibit more mechanical skill, and power of invention, than in their implements of husbandry.

THE THUMB SCREW.

I walked nine miles over bottom land, much of the way in water ankle deep, to see a slave who was wearing this instrument. The boy was riding a mule, in the cotton-field, drawing a plough which was held by his mother. I inquired his age—but neither the mother nor son could give it. I judged him to be about sixteen. He had been wearing the screw two days. He said that it caused him but little pain at first; but after the swelling commenced in the thumb, the pain continued to increase, and he was already suffering so much that he said he would die before he would ever have it put on again.

The apparatus consists of a wristband of iron, with an iron stud or post about three inches long standing up in it opposite the thumb. A thin strap of iron passes around the ball of the thumb, attached to a piece of round iron, which runs back through a hole in the top of the post. Upon the end of this round iron is cut a screw, and behind the post a nut is put on. When this nut is turned, the thumb is drawn backward. The instrument is strong enough to dislocate the thumb by this retraction. The greatest amount of suffering which man is able to endure can be inflicted upon the slave with this instrument, and no scar remains to reduce his value in the market. By a long application the large nerves of his thumb become highly inflamed, and the most intense pain ensues.

The poor boy whom I saw wearing it, perished under the first application. The agony became so intense as to induce the lockjaw. As soon as it was known, the instrument was removed, and a physician employed; but his aid afforded no relief. Death came to release the suffering slave from the tyrants's power.

THE STOCKS.

Two pine planks, about two inches in thickness, one foot in width, and two feet in length, have each two semi-lunar notches cut in the edges, near the middle, just large enough to take in half of the ankle. One of these planks is applied to each side of the ankle, the edges of the planks are brought together, and then wooden cleats, running across the planks, are fastened on with wooden pins or iron spikes. The slaves are put in these stocks to prevent them from running away. They are so closely fitted to the ankle, that the foot cannot be drawn out, made so strong that they cannot be broken, and so heavy that they cannot be dragged.

THE BELL.

The name does not indicate that this is an instrument of much suffering—and yet the wearer finds it to be so. An iron belt passes around the loins—fastened over the spine with a lock, and a socket about half an inch in diameter. An iron collar is put around the neck, with an iron ring about an inch in diameter, fastened to the collar behind. A rod of round iron runs down through the ring at the back of the neck, and rests in the socket of the belt belt below. Above the neck this rod is split, and bent out in the shape of two horns, rising about a foot above the head. A cross-piece of iron is fastened to the top of the horns, and from the centre of the cross-piece the "bell"—a common cow-bell—is suspended. The collar on the neck is often nearly as wide as the neck is long, and the upper edge sometimes is serrated—like a saw. Whenever the wearer turns his head, the collar chafes his neck. The bell is put on slaves that have been guilty of running away, so that they may be heard as they run, if they make another attempt. Besides the apparatus is so heavy, and the horns so high and broad, that little progress can be made with it on, in the woods.

This instrument is not often applied, and I was obliged to travel fourteen miles to see one in use. The slave who wore it was driving a mule, in a cotton-gin. Whenever Cuffee raised his hand to strike the mule, the bell would sound, and the animal was thus warned of the impending blow.

THE GAG.

The Gag is a piece of iron, about three inches in length, one inch in width at one end, half an inch at the other, and about one-eighth of an inch in thickness. This instrument is put into the mouth, over the tongue, with the narrow end inside, while the wide end is left projecting through the lips. The outer end is inserted into a small strap of iron that passes over the mouth, the ends of which extend around to the back of the neck, where they are fastened together by a rivet, or a padlock. With this long, wide piece of iron thus confined on the tongue, the slave is truly gagged—as he is unable to utter a syllable.

I saw the gag on a slave *preacher*, who, contrary to his orders, had left his hut in the night, and gone out into the woods to preach to some slaves, who had also left their huts without leave, to go and hear him. It was dangerous to allow such liberty to slaves. But "Sambo" thought it his duty to preach in the night, even if he became a martyr by it, as there was much religious interest excited among the slaves by his preaching. He had been punished severely in various ways for his night preaching, until his master's patience had been exhausted, and he told him that if he found him out again at midnight, he would shoot him. But death, if met in the path of duty, had no terrors for Sambo. When the appointed hour came, his flambeau blazed on the stump, and words of earnest Christian counsel and consolation were dropping from his lips, when Mr. B., his master, drew near to the devout worshippers, with his loaded rifle. With a stealthy step, he advanced slowly through the dark pine woods, until nearly within gun-shot of his victim, when the crackling of some dry limbs under his feet startled the outer guard, and the alarm ran through the listening crowd, reaching Sambo's ear. Mr. B. halted, and leaned against a tree, while waiting for the fears which his footsteps had created to pass away. Sambo continued to preach. The musical tones of his voice, the Christian heroism exhibited in his resignation to his fate, the moral courage displayed in recognising his superior obligations to a higher power, the hearty responses which arose from his hearers, as he counselled obedience to their masters, and a patient endurance of sufferings for their Heavenly Master's sake, touched the heart of Mr. B.—who was himself a professor of the same faith—and changed his purpose. He decided to retire silently, and wait until morning before punishing the disobedient slave. In the morning Sambo was taken to the blacksmith to be gagged. After the rough iron had been thrust into his mouth, and fastened there, it was useless for him to run off in the night to preach again, for he could not speak a word. As I looked upon this preacher, thus compelled by his master to be *dumb*, I could not avoid the reflection that, after all, his condition was not unlike that of many of his Northern brethren—though it doubtless causes less pain to be gagged with cotton than with iron. It is but just to say, however, that since the passage of the Nebraska Bill, the proportion of Northern ministers that are gagged by the Slave Power is far less than it was before.

COTTON PLANTER'S WHIP.

This is called the "Cotton planter's whip," because the planters say that *this whip raises the cotton*. The stock is covered with green hide, about four feet long, and is loaded with lead at the butt. The lash is long and heavily wrought into hard knots towards the end, with wire. The staff is so heavy, and the lash is so long, that the whipping-master is obliged to twirl it skilfully in the air before he can command its full force. Hence the labour of using the whip is hard, and when several hundred lashes are ordered, the whippers take turns.

THE PADDLE.

This is made of a board, and is about three feet long, and four inches wide. One end is shaved down for the handle, and the other end is bored full of half-inch auger holes. The paddle is sometimes applied to the back of a slave until all the skin is taken off by it, so that no scar will remain to reduce the value of the slave in the market.

GANG CHAIN.

This is a long chain, running the whole length between the pairs of slaves marching in droves to the market. And the short chains between each pair are fastened to the long gang chain, and to a strong iron collar, fastened by a padlock around the neck of each slave.

There are other means resorted to for punishing slaves, which I need not describe. They are confined in the "sugar-houses," made to walk the "tread-mill," and fastened together, or bound with "hand-cuffs." And aside from any regular instrument of torture, a master, or a mistress, or an overseer, in a fit of rage, will seize whatever weapon is at hand, and use it for this purpose. And the occasions, or the frequency of such inflictions depend on a thousand circumstances which cannot be foreseen, and which it would be useless for me to specify. I leave the subject, as one of the most unpleasant that came under my observation during my Southern tour.

A SLAVE-HUNT—BLOODHOUNDS.

I left the hotel in M. after breakfast on a December morning, and walked a few miles along the bank of the Flint River. Ascending a small sand hill, I saw, after reaching the top, a negro coming up on the other side, slowly, wearily, without a particle of clothing on. When he saw me, he was frightened and ran out to a willow tree that lay bent down, nearly horizontally, over the stream; and turning about, he leaned against a limb, looking at me, and tossing up his hands, he exclaimed, imploringly, "O, Goddy, master!"

I supposed he intended to request me not to betray him; and I said to him, "I will not betray you, Cuffee!" But before I had time to inquire into his history, two hounds came over another hill, half a mile distant, distinctly in view, on a straight road. Soon as the baying of the dogs reached the ear of the fugitive, he leaped from the willow into the river—swam a long distance under water towards the opposite back, when he arose to the surface. I was surprised to see how directly he swam across, as the waters were cold, and the current strong. I saw him emerge upon the opposite side, climb an oak tree, and seat himself on a limb. The hounds came on slowly, following the track—and well they might, for the blood of the slave was left in nearly every footstep—keeping up a constant baying. I had heard of "the baying of hounds," but I had never conceived how appalling the blood-thirsty tones were, until they fell on my ear, while I saw their victim, weary and helpless, with no longer any hope of escape.

The dogs came up the hill where I stood, followed the track out upon the willow, plunged in where the man did, swam across, and ran up to the tree, baying loudly in the triumph of success. I walked out to the willow and sat down upon it in sadness of heart at what my eyes had seen, and my ears heard. Soon two white men came over the farther hill on horse back, and when they saw the man in the tree, and heard the dogs baying beneath it, they set up a tremendous shout, and rode on at full speed down to the tavern, three miles below. Thinking it might be unsafe for me to remain and watch the fate of the slave, whom I had no power to assist, I returned to the tavern. Here I found a large crowd of men who had gathered around the bar to receive a "*treat*" from the "nigger-hunters," who always have that kind of gloryification when the man is captured alive. It was now about nine o'clock, yet they continued to drink until four o'clock in the afternoon, before they went over the river to take the man down.

And what astonished me more than anything else was that no man suggested that it was time to go and bring the slave in. I heard no question asked as to how long he had been without food, how far he had run, or whether he was so famished and exhausted that he would be likely to fall from the tree and be rent in pieces by the dogs. But the conversation ran mainly upon the feats they had performed in the negro hunts, and the punishments the runaways get when they are caught. Finally, after seven hours of rioting, they rode away. What became of their poor victim I never learned.

The hound is taught to regard the slave as his natural enemy. The slave is never allowed to chastise him. If the dog is stealing his dinner, he may push him away gently, or pull his dinner away from him, but he must not venture to pull his ears, or scold him, or strike him, on pain of being whipped himself by his master.

I saw a slaveholder near M. teaching puppies to hunt slaves. He was the owner of a slave mother and her little boy, Harry, who was about four years old. The mother was a *light quadroon*, having just enough of African blood to wave the long black hair, and gloss the full, black eye. There are large numbers of such slave girls in the South, and a foreigner has truly said that they are the most beautiful specimens of American women. But her little Harry was not so light coloured, and he had rough, hard features. He was a very sensible boy, roguish and reckless, and he acted as though the bad blood of all his ancestors ran in his veins. His "bump of destructiveness" was very large, and it very often cost him a flogging. He killed all the kittens about house, all the chickens he could catch, broke all the eggs he could find, destroyed all the crockery he could lay hold of, and left his mark on every piece of furniture in the house, and on every tool and carriage on the premises.

He had a peculiar dislike to turkies. No turkey could be raised, except in a yard with a fence so high that Harry could not climb it. A close, high fence was made around the turkey yard, and they were regarded as secure from the enemy. But Harry ran a little pole up to the top of the fence, climbed up, jumped in, and killed thirteen turkies—a mother and twelve little ones. In his haste to kill the turkies, he forgot to run the pole over on the inside, so that he could get out; and being obliged to call for help, the "murder was out." Sambo opened the door to release him, and, seeing the turkies killed, he ran into the house and told his master. Harry had been indulged quite enough by his master, as he was an idol, only son of his mother, "Hatty." And she was the favourite slave of her master, Col. V., who had uniformly regarded the feelings of the tender-hearted, doting mother so far as not to punish Harry in her presence. But this provocation threw him into a passion.

"Hatty!" exclaimed the master, "go and bring the little devil to me."

Hatty went out and led in Harry, who appeared quite self-possessed, and without fear of punishment. But his mother saw that her master was enraged, and imagining some terrible thing was contemplated in the use of the knife, which Col. V. held in one hand, while he reached out the other and exclaimed passionately, "hand him to me! I'll fix him!" she ventured to say, "don't, master! don't cut him with the knife!"

"Hold your tongue!" said the master, "and set the boy on my knee, and hold him still!"

Grasping one ankle with the left hand, he commenced cutting small gashes through the skin on the bottom of the foot. Harry strove like a hero, kicked and squirmed, struck his matter in the face, and pulled his hair; but he succeeded in cutting both feet till the blood ran freely!

Col. V. then told his son to lead Harry out around the stable, by a circuitous route, to a low, pine tree, to which he pointed, about twenty rods distant. Hatty was ordered to cut up a plate of raw beef in small pieces, and bring it to him.

The Col. took the plate of meat in his hand, went to the kennel and unchained the mother of seven bloodhound puppies, and led her around on the track of Harry, with the puppies following after. At every few steps he dropped a piece of the meat, on the blood which was left in Harry's track, for the puppies to eat, where they would receive the scent of the blood of the slave! When he arrived at the treee, he sent his son back with the mother of the puppies, while they remained to eat the meat given to them under the tree. Harry was taken down from the limb on which he sat, and the little hounds were taught to bite his feet, around which pieces of meat were thrown. Hatty, in the meantime, was wringing her hands as if her heart were bursting, and as though she had forgotten that she was a favourite house servant, and had a kind, indulgent master.

One day while I was in the city of M., there was a terrible outcry in the streets!

"What's the matter?"

"A negro in the creek!"

"Where?"

"Out over the railroad bridge."

And all the city rushed into the street, and over the bridge. I followed on with the crowd. Besides the negro, two hounds were in the creek also, endeavouring to catch him. He would dive and swim a long distance under water, so deep that the dogs could not see the direction he took; but when he raised his head above water to breathe, the dogs swam towards him and seized his limbs and held on till he jerked them away, leaving his flesh in their teeth. Soon his pursuers were seen coming from the woods, and he perceived that farther attempts to elude them were vain, and he came out of the creek and gave himself up to the hunters. Two of them dismounted, and took him, one by either arm, to lead him over the bridge into the city, in the midst of the vast, exulting multitude.

A friend of mine, an intelligent New England merchant, was present. He expressed to me his astonishment that no sympathy was manifested for the suffering slave, whose bare limbs were horridly lacerated by the dogs. And what most shocked his feelings, as the men were leading him, was to hear the boys tell the dogs to bite him—saying, "seek him! take him!"—just as they would set dogs on swine in the street, and with as little pity.

The negro pretended to be so weak that he could hardly walk; but when about on the centre of the bridge, he prostrated one of the men who were holding his arms—broke away from the grasp of the other—rushed through the crowd—bounded over the railing, and sank in the red waters of the river, to rise no more. No word of pity was heard, no emotions of sympathy were witnessed, for the sufferings and fate of this man, who had less fear of death than of *his brother man!* But the air was filled with curses on "runaway niggers," and a grand chorus of invectives against abolitionists concluded the awful tragedy!

A WHITE MOTHER FOR SALE.

Mr. C., a dry goods merchant of Boston, was with me at the little city of M., where he went to visit a partner in trade. He had not been in a slave State before, and was bitterly opposed to emancipation. Two merchants—slaveholders—had been in our company on the way to that city. Whenever slavery was talked of, Mr. C. uniformly concurred with them. The next morning after we arrived, we saw a handbill in the bar-room in which forty-four female slaves were advertised for sale. Stepping out into the street, we found those girls sitting on the sidewalks. At the farther end of the row was a very beautiful girl, apparently perfectly white, and neatly dressed. The moment Mr. C. looked at her, he exclaimed, "What do you think that white girl is sitting there with those negroes for?"

"I presume she is a slave, sir," said I.

"That can't be!" replied Mr. C.; "just look at her! Why, I never saw a prettier girl in my life."

Now, Mr. C. had heard that *likely quadroons* are held as slaves and sold in the market; but he had never believed that a young *lady*, so entirely American, so elegant in form and feature, so intellectual in appearance, with pure blue eyes, and the perfect red and white Caucasian complexion, was in the same degraded condition as the African girl. And his fine sensibilities were greatly shocked at the idea that a white girl, so beautiful, was doomed to such disgrace. His heart was steeled against sympathy for the blacks, but it was unshielded on the side towards the white race, to which his mother, wife and daughter belonged. Hence he was unprepared to believe it, when I said to him, "*she is a slave, sir!*"

There was the precise number, including her, advertised in the bill. Still incredulous, Mr. C. stepped up to the drover and asked, "Is that white girl a slave, sir?"

"That's not a white girl; she is a nigger, sir," replied the drover.

Mr. C. bit his lips with suppressed indignition, paused, and then ejaculated, "Is it possible!"

"Does she belong to *you?*" said he to the drover.

"Yes, sir!" replied the drover.

"What do you ask for her?" inquired Mr. C.

"I was offered 1,600 dollars for her last night. I want 2,000 for her."

"What do you ask for that one?" said Mr. C., pointing to a light quadroon sitting next to the white girl.

"I will take $1,200 for her."

"Well—how much for the black ones, here at this end of the row?"

"I will take $800 apiece," replied the slave-dealer.

"Why, can that white girl—

"That isn't a white girl; that's a *nigger*, sir, I tell you," interrupted the drover, contemptuously. At the same time he removed a woollen cap from her head, which exposed the light brown hair, and added, "you see her hair is waved."

This is regarded as evidence that African blood is mingled with the white. Mr. C. had now become excited, and he exclaimed, "Well, then, can that *white nigger* do more work than one of your *black* niggers, that you ask so much more for her?"

"Oh, no," replied the drover; and, perceiving that Mr. C. did not comprehend the superior value of female beauty to physical ability in a slave, he added, "but you know she is a high-priced *fancy* girl."

"By heavens!" vociferated Mr. C., "'tis too bad!" and, turning to me with, his clinched hands raised towards the heavens, he added, "I will never say another word against the abolitionists, so long as God lets me live!"

We inquired of those mothers how many children they had left behind; and the aggregate number—as by them reported—was *one hundred and twenty-four!* They were all enrolled as being between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, in the advertising catalogue. Forty-four young mothers severed from their husbands and all their children at a single blow!!!

SLAVE-BURNING.

Sometimes the Northern mind is shocked by an account of some horrid transaction in the South, in which the actors seem more like devils than like men. The story seems so incredible that those who are determined to maintain a good opinion of slaveholders affect to disbelieve it; while others doubt it not, because they know that often, where slavery exists,

"deeds are wrought,
Which well might shame extremest hell."

And yet these things are not doubted or denied in the South. On the contrary they are related with a *nonchalance* and an indifference that are surprising. The slaveholders seem to glory in their shame.

An illustration of this may be seen in the recent burning of a slave in Sumpter County, Alabama, and the manner in which the slaveholders—even those who do not justify it—relate the facts. "Dave," a slave of James D. Thornton, accused of the murder of the daughter of his mistress, was arrested, and confessed his guilt. Mr. Thornton and his friends assembled to the number of one hundred men, well armed, got into the jail by stratagem, seized the slave, and bore him off in triumph. What followed, I will give in the language of the *Sumpter Whig:*

"*They left in high glee with the prisoner*, whom they felicitated themselves they had captured by a *coup d'état*, and without a resort to the formidable weapons with which they were armed.

"Just before leaving, some one in the crowd extended an invitation to the Sheriff and the good people of Livingston to appear near the residence of James D. Thornton (the place of the horrid murder), at 1 o'clock, P. M., on Friday following, to witness the burning of the murderer. In justice to our Sheriff, we will state here, that he and one of his deputies had gone to Wetumpka, to carry Robinson to the penitentiary, who had been sentenced at our last Circuit Court. Indeed, if he had been at home on the occasion, he could not have arrested this unlawful procedure; for the rescue was effected so quick, and with so little noise, that many of our citizens living immediately on the square knew nothing of this affair until next morning. Two of the Sheriff's deputies afterwards demanded the prisoner, and remonstrated against this proceeding, but it was like talking to the winds. Some of our citizens, who went down at the appointed place to witness the burning of the murderer, have related to us that the negro was tied to a stake, with fat light wood piled around him, *and that the torch was applied in the presence of two thousand persons, who had met there to witness the novel scene.* The rumours that got afloat, that the negro was tortured, are entirely untrue."

Not long before I visited Georgia there was a tragedy very much like this in that State, though the details were more shocking. I visited the place where it occurred, and heard it repeated by different persons—though the story was related to me in all its particulars, as I give it here, by Mrs. A., the wife of a slaveholder, who was compelled by her husband to witness the scene. She was an intelligent, Christian lady—a native of Augusta, in that State. Like very many Southern women, she was opposed to slavery, and sympathized with the slaves in their sufferings—and for this reason her harsh, unfeeling husband required her to go with him to see the terrible deed.

A punishment had been inflicted upon this slave by his mistress, which I will not name, or describe. In revenge for it he seized a hatchet, and struck her twice upon the head, inflicting wounds that he supposed would cause instant death—though she afterwards recovered. If there were any possible justification of the law of retaliation—if revenge ever could be right—he would have been justified in taking the life of his mistress. Had he not been a slave, public sentiment would have pronounced him guiltless. So he felt. Instead of trying to escape, he ran immediately to the Court-House—where the Court was then in session—told the officers what he had done and expressed his willingness to suffer the penalty of the law. That, like those who take life without any excuse, he would, in due course of law, suffer upon the gallows, was what he anticipated. He wished not to avoid the doom. He desired not to live.

But the slaveholders in that region decided that he should suffer a different fate. They determined that he should be burned alive! And they offered him up—a sacrifice—upon the bloody altar of slavery!

They raised money, by subscription, to pay his mistress for her loss. Several persons admitted to me that they contributed for that purpose. The slave was given up to them, and for five days he received fifty lashes each day, upon his naked back, with the heavy "cotton planter's whip." So was the Heavenly Master scourged before his cruel death!

The appointed day—which some said was Saturday, others Monday, but which my informant said was the Sabbath—at length arrived, and the multitude assembled. There is a sparse population in that and the adjoining counties—not over five thousand within a space of thirty miles square—and yet the number present was variously estimated at from ten to fifteen thousand. All the slaves in that region were compelled to attend. The slave who was to be executed was the husband of a young wife, and the father of two little daughters who were also forced to be present! The victim was led out from the place of his confinement to an oak tree, near the Court-House, where he was surrounded by a vast crowd of beholders, clamouring for the consuming fire! The single garment he had on was taken off, a cord was fastened to the hands, and thus naked, he was drawn up several feet from the earth, and hung suspended upon a large limb.

A slow fire, made of hard pine shavings, was then kindled beneath him. At first the smoke arose and enveloped him, and then the clear, bright flames quickly ascended, coiling about the limbs, encircling the body, scorching the nerves, crisping the fibres, charring the flesh—and, in mortal anguish, he was (to use the lady's own language), "*sweating, as it were, great drops of blood!*" But, before life was entirely extinguished, when he was in the last convulsive agonies of death, the executioners applied their knives, which they had prepared, fastened upon poles, cutting open the thorax and abdomen! Then one of the fiends thrust in a hook, prepared in like manner, and dragged out his heart! Another tore out the liver! A third wrenched out the lungs! And with these vital organs, elevated above their heads on the poles, they ran through the crowd screaming, "*So shall it be done to the slave that murders his mistress!*"

Then the heart was thrown upon the ground—and the crowd rushed over it, forward and backward, stamping upon it, crushing out the life blood, treading it in the dust. Then, in like manner, the lungs and the liver were disposed of, amid the deafening shouts of the savage throng. "Such a fiendish, devilish yell," said my informant, "was never heard this side of Satan's kingdom!"

I know that this story is too shocking, almost, for belief. And yet, after careful inquiry, on the very ground where it transpired, I was fully satisfied of its truth. Without any colouring of my own, "I tell it as it was told to me" by one who was an unwilling witness of it all. How terrible the lesson it teaches of the influence of slavery upon those who are connected with it!

THE SOUTHERN SABBATH.

One of the strangest sights to a New England man, on visiting the Southern States, is the desecration of the Sabbath. In some of the cities, especially if a good number of the business men are from the North, the churches are tolerably well attended—there being but one service for the day. But even here the afternoon and evening are much devoted to amusements. And, in fact, throughout the entire South, with not very numerous exceptions, the Sabbath, instead of being a day of rest, or of worship, is a holiday—occupied mainly in pleasure and sport.

The first sounds that salute the ear, not only in the country, but in many of the cities of the South, on Sabbath-morning, are the firing of guns, the beating of drums, and the noise of the hunting horn. They have boat parties, riding parties, hunting parties, fishing parties, drinking parties, gaming parties, and dancing parties. And the Sabbath is almost invariably the day for horse races and military parades. A colporteur of the American Tract Society, writing to the Maine *Christian Mirror*, under date of May 9, 1854, says—

"In Mississippi, where I am labouring, drinking, gaming and horse racing are common on the Sabbath—and the Sabbath is distinguished from other days by the firing of guns."

There is more travel in the South on the Sabbath, than on any other day of the week. To ascertain this fact I examined the registers at the boat offices, hotels and public boarding houses; and I uniformly found that a larger number of names was entered by travellers on the Sabbath than on any other day. The Sabbath is spent by travellers not only in visiting friends, but in travelling long distances on business. The passenger trains on the railroads run for this purpose. The boats on the rivers are employed in this service. And clergymen, except when their duties confine them at home, are quite as likely to travel on the Sabbath as others. I was told by a delegate from a New England Conference to the Presbyterian General Assembly, that a large part of the Southern ministers who were there, travelled on the Sabbath before the body convened.

Sabbath evening in the South is a time of unusual dissipation. Theatres and other like places of amusement are open, and thronged more than any other evening; while the drinking saloons, billiard rooms, and other dens of infamy, are frequented by the riotous and noisy crowd.

A large majority of the slaves labour on the Sabbath, almost from necessity. In some of the cities most of them rest; but in the planting districts many of them labour more or less—not unusually at the daily task—but they wash and iron, make and mend their garments, cut wood and work in their gardens.

But the slaves do not labour for themselves alone. In the planting districts, especially during the busy season of the year, the slaves are not permitted to make the Sabbath even a holiday. Instances are by no means rare, even among masters professing to be Christians, in which the slaves are compelled to labour on the Sabbath as on other days.

Rev. H. B. Abbott, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Augusta, Me., was formerly a counsellor at law in Mississippi. In a letter to me, dated April 10, 1854, he says—

"I am acquainted with a Baptist preacher in Mississippi who compelled his slaves to labour on the Sabbath and justified himself under the plea that, if they were not at work, they would be sporting, and roving about the fields and woods, thereby desecrating the Sabbath more than by labouring under an overseer."

I was spending a Sabbath in the city of A. Early in the day I noticed the planters from the surrounding country, coming in to attend the morning service. Many of them were members of the city churches. They remained in the city after the meetings were closed, and about noon, or a little latter, their slaves began to arrive, with mule teams, loaded with cotton, and other kinds of produce. In the afternoon the stores were opened, and these Christian slaveholders exchanged their produce for groceries, and other commodities, with which they sent their slaves home, while they remained, drinking whiskey and cracking jokes, until the cool of the evening.

The Sabbath before the State election, is denominated "*free liquor day*," in Georgia—a strange title for that day, in a Christian land. It is so called, from the custom of those who are candidates for office to invite all who propose to vote for them to their "head-quarters," on that day, to partake of spirituous liquors at their expense.

* * * * *

All over the planting districts, as I have before said, very few attend church, and very few of the churches have constant preaching. There was not a settled minister of the gospel, of any denomination, who preached constantly at the same place, for more than two hundred miles, on the stage road leading from the coast to the capital; and yet, in each of those counties, from six to thirteen churches are returned in the census. Travelling ministers preach at several different stations, and the number of sermons delivered at each church will not average more than one a month.

A colporteur of the American Tract Society, in 1854, reports of one of the counties of North Carolina, that "*three-fourths* of the people are destitute of public services on the Sabbath; and that about *one-third* of the parents can read and write, cast accounts and gunge a barrel of brandy."

Another says, "I visited 60 families, numbering 221 souls over ten years of age; only 23 could read, and 17 write; 41 were destitute of the Bible; the average of their going to church was once in 7 years. Several between 30 and 45 years old had heard but one or two sermons in their lives. Some grown up youths had never heard a sermon or a prayer until my visit, and did not know of such a being as a Saviour; and girls and boys from ten to fifteen did not know who made them. All of one family rushed away when I knelt to pray, to a neighbour's, begging them to tell what I meant by it."

I have already given a brief description of the churches in the planting districts of the South. Like the abodes of the planters, they are rough, and rude, throughout. They are often made of logs, are destitute of windows, without pews or pulpits. Instead of these, there are rough seats, without backs or benches, where the preacher and the "crowd" sit together on a common level. These rude buildings are not kept sacred as temples of worship. The wild, uncultivated habits of the people are inconsistent with such an idea. Hence the church is free for any other exercise, or for any kind of amusements.

I attended church in M——— County, on Sabbath, where more than half the young men who came to attend the meeting, remained out of doors. They kept passing in and out in little squads of two or three at a time, and very little attention was paid to the services. It was a log church, with no windows, and only one narrow door, which was kept open; and from my seat I noticed some young men drinking on the outside. A little distance beyond were some gaming tables—and further out into the woods they were trotting horses.

SLAVES AS CHURCH-MEMBERS.

In the city of Savannah the slaves are allowed a free indulgence in the use of wine at the communion table, as an inducement, probably, for them to enter the church, and to make them better contented with their condition as slaves. A gentleman of the first respectability, residing in that city, informed me that he saw a ten gallon demijohn filled with wine in a store on Sabbath morning, and he followed the man who took it to the coloured church, where there was a meeting of the coloured churches for the communion. And he said that they drank nearly the whole of it.

"Did they drink more," I asked, "than is generally used for that purpose by other churches?"

"O yes," he replied. "I never saw such drinking wine in my life!"

The number that partook at that time was estimated to be about eighty, which would afford them about a pint each.

It is worthy of remark that this is the church where the author of the "*South Side View of Slavery*" saw such remarkable evidences of piety while he was worshipping there. And the old slave preacher, the pastor of that church, to whom Dr. Adams alludes, is notoriously dishonest, as I was informed by a merchant of that city. But he succeeded so well in preaching, that a few prayerless slaveholders aided him to purchase some slaves—three in number, I believe—so that he might be able to give, in his own person, an example of a slaveholding minister of the Gospel preaching that Gospel to his own race!

The subject of intemperance in the coloured churches was a topic of conversation in a store at Darien; and I stated some facts which had come to my knowledge, showing the intemperate habits of members in those churches in the cities. And I freely expressed my opinion, that slaveholders encouraged their slaves to unite with the churches mainly to enhance their market value. A clergyman present, who participated in the discussion, attempted to defend these churches.

"You must have been misinformed," said he; "for I know the slaves to be as good Christians as the masters who are members of churches."

"I have no desire to draw a comparison between the slaves and their masters," I replied; "but I believe, of course, what I have seen myself."

There was in that store a gentleman formerly from Brooklyn, N. Y., where, for several years, he attended the ministry of Rev. H. W. Beecher. He was a firm friend of free principles, and he exhibited an independence of thought and speech in maintaining them. He was at that time connected with a business firm in that city.

"You are correctly informed, sir," said he, addressing himself to me. "This business of getting slaves into the church is all a humbug. And now I will tell you what took place here last Autumn.

"The overseer from Butler's Island"—on which there are several hundred slaves, on a beautiful rice plantation, out in the arms of the Altamaha, all in sight, and within fifty rods of the store in which we stood—"came over here one Saturday night, and inquired of a minister if he would baptize some slaves belonging to that island the next day. The clergyman replied that he would, if they seemed to be worthy subjects of baptism. Sabbath afternoon, a large number of the slaves came down to the bank of the river. The preacher asked those who were proposed for baptism a few questions, such as, whether they believed in a God? a state of future happiness and misery? the necessity of repentance and faith? to every one of which they all answered, 'yes, master,' 'yes, master.' Not a question was put to them that required a negative answer. The ordinance had been administered to about forty, when the minister said the waters were so cold, and he was so tired, that they would adjourn to the next day. Monday afternoon the exercises were resumed, and the solemn ceremonies went on until some seventy-five were ba